SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 29.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1832

TREMENDOUS SNOW-STORM.

The facetious editor of the Camden Journal, has been treating his readers to an article under this caption, which has excited the risibles of the Fraternity not a little. He accounts by mere *analogy* for not receiving for several days his exchange papers from the North, in the following queer paragraph:

"Such a snow storm as *must* have happened last week, somewhere between here and Washington city, has rarely ever occurred before, we believe in mid May, in 36 degrees north latitude; nor do we pretend to make solemn affidavit of the fact, that it *has* happened, for we have conscientious scruples against either swearing or tampering with a Quaker's affirmation; but we expect to make it quite clear by a reasoning process, by some called 'analogy,' that there was about the 20th of May, a tremendous snow storm in Virginia, directly in the great mail route. Some of the drifts were seven feet deep, and the whole road was so "choked up" with the "mixial" element as to make it necessary for the mail carriers to throw overboard a great part of the newspapers in order to get on with the remainder. It is on the whole a most melancholy catastrophe—a horrible "snow storm" such as we hope may not happen again before August. It may be as well to repeat, and we do it for the benefit of the almanacs, that we only come to the fact that such a storm has actually happened, by mere *analogy*. They used to tell us last winter when we were frequently without a mail for eight or ten days, that it was in consequence of snow-storms."

We have, ourselves, had good reasons for imagining that a great fall of snow, a freshet, or something of the kind had happened, for it is not unfrequently that the same mail will bring us dates of two different weeks, which is vastly agreeable, inasmuch as we are obliged to wade through news, &c. we had long since read, and perhaps copied from other more fortunate cotemporaries. Indeed we are constrained to remark sometimes that "our sufferings *is* intolerable."

Our very good friends of the Zanesville (Ohio) Gazette, annex the following to the article from the Journal, which they insert entire:

"We shall regret it, should this or any other cause prevent the early and regular arrival of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. The *spirited* editor of that useful and humorous print, we hope will look to this—and protect us from the fits of melancholy which invariably creep over us, when we fail to receive the *Spirit* of the Times."

We most cordially sympathise with the able conductors of this interesting miscellany, and can assure them that we shall always be proud to send them the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," and should they ever make the city of Gotham a visit, we shall esteem ourselves happy in showing them "LIFE IN NEW-YORK."

SOMEWHAT OF SOME LOON,

Sometimes seen Somewhere by Somebody.

"*Some* rascal stole *some* double-barrelled guns from *some* body *some* where in New-York, *some* time last week, for *some* purpose unknown—to shoot *some* Loons with as likely as not. There ought to be *some* kind of punishment devised by *some* body for preventing such atrocities."

*Some*times, we *some*where give credit to *some*body, for *some*thing like the above, but as *some*where is not anywhere, and nobody *some*body, *some*body who we *some*times think is nobody, will "not no never" get *some* credit by his article, while we, *some*what tickled, may receive *some* *some*where, *some*time, with *some* thanks and *some* considerable grins from *some* quarter, *some*where, from *some*body.

Now we would give *some* lemonade or *some* punch to know who the "loon" is that indited the paragraph above. Shoot *some* loons, indeed! *Some* folks better look out *some*times how they *kook* *some*body's guns, or *some* Constable not having the fear of *some* double-barrelled guns before his eyes, may put *some*body in *some* place we wot of, where *some loons* have been tied e'en by the leg, without *some*body to give them *some* beer or *sum'mut* else. Probably *some* queer genius, or *some lo on* of an editor, thinking, like *some* people, that he could make *some* fun, about *something* *some*times, concluded that *something* of the kind, about *some* guns would *go off*, as well as *some* story, or *some* long yarn about *some* loon, or *some*body's goose, *some*where in this city, tho' *some*where else might *some*how have been better. We have *some* loons here, it is true, *some*times, but then, *some* have been seen by *some*body in *some* fair days, *some*where in the vicinity of *some* cities *some*where about *some* place at the South. *Some*how *some* people have *some* peculiar way of saying *some* things *some*times, when it is not unfrequently the case that *some* loons or *some*body else laughs, though *some*body thinks always they have heard *some* story or *some* joke *some*times better told, though *some*time ago. We have made up our mind to ask *some* good fellows who *some*time call at our office for *something*, if they have ever heard of what became of *some* guns that were stolen to shoot *some* loon or other, and on receiving *something* in answer, that can be depended upon, we intend ordering *some* mint juleps and *some* punch, and if we don't crack *some* good jokes, and sing *some* fine songs, then *some*body will find out that *some* things can be done *some*times, and at *some* places, as well as others.

Friend Harvey, of the *Erie, Pa. Observer*, to whom with others, we were obliged a few weeks since to send merely the inside form of our paper, in consequence of an accession of patrons, "came the queer" over us in the prettiest style we ever had occasion to notice:—He printed the inside form of the "Erie Observer," on the blank outside form of the "Spirit of the Times," and forwarded the sheet to our address, with "Please Exchange," written on the margin of both. As Dr Ollapod says, "Good! we owe you one!"

HUNTING AND FISHING.

Letter from our Correspondent in Missouri, dated

ST. LOUIS, March, 1832.

THE seasons have their peculiar and appropriate recommendations, even to boyhood. The bird nests of Spring—the fishing excursions of summer—the nutting holidays of harvest—and the ice and snow amusements of winter—present a continuous play, of four acts, in which boyhood is no idle spectator. How frequently, when the green leaf began to freshen over the hazel and the gooseberry bush—whilst yet the oak, and the ash retained their winter nakedness, have I sallied forth, of a Saturday afternoon in quest of discoveries, to me as interesting and as important as any which a Park or a Humboldt could have made: and rushing through thickets, and over brier and bramble, have detected the very first rudiments of the future nest! How often, when the three or four little blue or spotted eggs gave all their delightful reality to my view, have I reasoned with as much accuracy, from the effects visible to the cause invisible, as if I had actually caught the parent bird in the attitude of incubation. I have peeped through the separated branches of the hazel—at the merled neck, and smooth breast of the thrush, as she continued to eye me steadily, or slipt with noiseless wing from my view, only to linger upon an adjoining twig till my departure. Over the clay-lined nest of the blackbird, I have watched till the dam became stupified with staring. I have caught the little wren in its cabin, and felt its impotent, but valorous nibble, as it bumped with its whole littleness against the hollow of my hand. The cliffs and the precipices I have scaled and searched in quest of fiercer natures; and have carried off under my hat, under the curses of parental affection, *their* screaming and struggling young. The offspring of the partridge, too, I have started, while the shell yet adhered to their extremities, and have pursued in much simplicity, the seemingly broken-winged and limping mother. In summer I have fished as you already know. In harvest I have gathered nuts—and in winter, I have hunted the red deer, of Missouri.

Where can one, after all, find a scene so grand and impressive to a mind open to the suggestions of nature, as that with which the hunter of the "far west" is, of necessity, conversant. Whether he lift his eye to the mountain, over which a mantle of snow reposes in folds of marble,—whether he survey the vale around him, crisped by the frost and covered all over with diamonds—whether the trees of the neighoorhood attract his notice, presenting their tasselated fringes under the aspect of laburnums in blossom; under all and each of these suppositions, the hunter is placed in circumstances the most favorable to strong emotions,—to that swell and buoyancy of spirit with which nature, in her more striking attitudes is sure to visit her worshippers. *Fishing* is, indeed, a most bewitching amusement, and it would be something approaching to sacrilege in *me* to underrate its claims. I do not mean sitting in a punt, with your head bobbing over the side, and your nose in the water, laying plots against perch, and revelling in the massacre of minnows. No, no: there is no risibility in such sorry pastime as that! Take a thirty foot rod into your hand, with fifty fathom of line, and a reel as large as a five gallon cask—ford foaming torrents neck high—cross wide moors—drive your solitary way through blind mists or rain deluges—return to your camp at night laden with spoil, and bowed down with the weary weight of many a savage and dreary mile—this is the nature of Western angling, and indeed of all angling that deserves the name. Still of the two sports hunting is undoubtedly the most manly, and by far the most social; one must be alone to enjoy angling in perfection.

It has been said that a being to endure a life of solitude must be either a god or a savage,—an angler, to be sure, is neither, and yet a life of solitude, while he exists, that is, in the capacity of an angler, is the life of happiness for him. In truth, your angler, notwithstanding the occasional existence of an Izaak Walton, is no philanthropist. He may wish well to all who pursue a trade similar to his own, so long as they pursue it in another quarter of the world from himself, but the tall steeple-like wand of a journeyman, suddenly rendered visible to his eye by a turn of the river, is sufficient to induce him for the time to wish all the laboring classes at the devil. Let any skilful angler divest himself for a moment of those general associations, through the medium of which fishermen occasionally affect each other's society, and analyze those particular feelings which he may have experienced on seeing a long-legged acquaintance stalking across the fields, and planting himself and his wand at the head, or rather *in medio* of a favorite stream, not more than fifty yards in advance. Where be your philanthropy now? Your "how d'ye does," and your "well, I thank ye's?" quite fugitive!

Who has not felt inclined to commit justifiable homicide, (for it could surely be brought in neither as murder nor manslaughter,) when on approaching a well-known place of water, half pool half stream, with a steep bank on one side, and a fine gravel shore on the other, a figure is perceived couched with his face to the surface, like Satan at the ear of Eve, and probing the much respected haunts with a huge emblem of Neptune, alias a three-pronged spear?

> "When nothing's to be seen but hills
> And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
> And that ONE BEAST that from the hell
> Of the green meadow hangs his head
> Over the silent stream."

With what pleasure would the bearer of the slenderer rod take him by the light fantastic toe, and toss him into the "gulph profound." Fishing, indeed, is always pursued with greatest success in solitude, and from this circumstance it is not wondered at that the friendly greetings of its humid votaries should not always be of the most benign and friendly kind. This is more the misfortune than the fault of the pursuit, but it certainly induces a cunning, unsocial, and even hypocritical temper of mind. Does any angler in fishing down a river, ever approach another by whom he is offered the preference for an hour or two? or in passing him, does he himself ever conscientiously leave an occasional fine looking pool untouched to make amends for his having taken the lead? We believe that very few examples of such virtuous, benevolent, and disinterested consideration ever occur, and by this means a spirit of positive hostility is created, which has not unfrequently led to consequences of a very serious nature. But it has been wisely ordained that no man can run another through the body or blow out his brains with a fishing rod. It would, however, be a blessed thing, if certain humane and gentlemanly regulations were fairly understood among all classes of anglers. Such as, that no man should be allowed to pass another fishing in the same direction, but with the *amende honorable* of proceeding to a certain distance without throwing a fly, or that they should agree to fish stream about, or should take the precedence each for his little hour alternately. In truth, I am not without hope that the spread of civilization, will one day soften the heart of the obdurate and jealous angler, and by the introduction of some wise and generally applicable code of piscatorial laws, cause his occasional intercourse with a neighbor to assume a less gloomy and spider-like aspect than it now bears.

But fishermen are certainly illustrious over a bottle of Sherry or a bowl of punch. Among them there is then no wrangling about who struck such a fish, or who threw such a fly, or any other disputes corresponding to the question of "who killed Cock Robin," and all the other endless disputes which embitter the life of a Fowler. There is no rising after a late dinner, (*better late than never*) with stiffened limbs, to wash out a dirty fowling piece, or feed still dirtier dogs—no occasional bursting of an unexpected powder flask on the chimney piece, or from the pocket of a moist shooting jacket, hung up to dry within six inches of the kitchen fire—no feverish dreams of the faint eye, and the low deep moan of some favorite pointer whose brown head bore so unfortunate a resemblance to a partridge—on the contrary all is calm and tranquil repose. The quiet group are seated around the table, each with his shears in his hand like the Fates of the finny race, preparing for the slaughter of the ensuing morning, and changing and shifting their bobs and their drags according to the experience which they may have that day acquired. Their hands still tremble with the long delightful and continuous vibration of the rod, when they have struck a goodly fish, or with that sullen and pulse-like tug by which a very fine one, when hooked in a deep pool, frequently manifests a desire to *dig* its way to the bottom—or their ears still ring with the music of the reel, when some whimsical individual skims and flounders on the top of the water like a juvenile wild duck.

I come now to explain myself generally on the principles of angling. And, in the first place, I assert, that there is no connexion between that art and the science of entomology; and it is this opinion which distinguishes my theory from all preceding ones, and on the truth of which my reputation must stand or fall. What I mean to say is this, that the success of the fisher does not depend upon, and is scarcely in any way connected with, the resemblance which subsists between his fly and the natural one, in imitation of which it may have been formed. This, I have no doubt, will be thought an extraordinary opinion, being so much at variance, as well with the principles as the practice of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration, from the days of Isaiah and Theocritus to those of John Trout, and your humble servant. "The fisher also shall mourn and they that cast angles in the brook shall lament," that I should have been guilty of so daring an innovation; but as I feel convinced of the truth of my opinion, no fear, either of ridicule or contempt from the low, the jealous, the bigoted, or the ignorant, shall prevail over the duty which I owe to thousands yet unborn. I therefore again assert, that a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving thing, *sui generis*, and not on account of its exact resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object.

Fly fishing is, in fact, like sculpture. It proceeds upon a few grand and simple principles, and the theory is easily acquired, although it may require long and severe labor to become a great master in the art. Yet it is needless to encompass it with difficulties which have no existence in reality, or to render that intricate and confused which is in itself so plain and unincumbered. The enlightened angler does not condescend to imitate specifically the detail of things—he attends only to the invariable, the great, and general ideas which are inherent in nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that an insect, with outspread wing would so fall; but he does not imitate, either in the air or on his favorite element, the flight or motion of a particular species, because he knows that trout are much less conversant in entomology than Dr Silliman, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth, or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalizes—and this is the philosophy of fishing.

The great secret in fly fishing, after a person has acquired the act of throwing a long and a light line, is *perseverance*, that is, constant and continuous exertion. Your trout is a whimsical creature even when the angler, with all appliances and means to boot, is placed apparently under the most favorable circumstances. Let him, however, commence his operations with flies, which, upon general principles, he knows to be good—for example, a water-mouse body and dark wing, hare ear and partridge wing, red hackle and teal wing. It may frequently happen, that for an hour or even two hours he will kill nothing—but then it will as often happen, that for another couple of hours he will pull them out with a most pleasing rapidity. "I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;" yet I believe that the appetites and motions of the finny tribe are regulated and directed by certain (to us) almost imperceptible changes in the state of the atmosphere, with which, as they do not proceed upon any fixed or determined principles of meteorological science, it is not easy for the angler to become acquainted, and therefore the only method to remedy the *desagrement* thus arising, is to fish without ceasing as long as he remains by the pure "element of waters." The art of angling will probably one day or other be the means of throwing considerable light on the science of electricity, at present one of the most obscure branches of physical learning.

I believe that a variable state of atmosphere is bad for fishing—nor do I think as many do, that a dull, gloomy day is the most favorable. If the river is not too low, I always prefer what, in ordinary language, might be called a fine cheerful day, more particularly, if there is a fresh breeze. And what I would particularly press upon the notice of the angler, as soon as he becomes master of the line, is, that he should cast his flies more frequently than is the usual practice, and, generally speaking, fish rapidly. This should be more especially attended to in streams where the trout are numerous, and not large.

No general rules can be laid down in regard to striking and playing the fish, as excellence in this department of the art is solely the result of experience and can only be attained by practice.

I shall not at present occupy any longer your attention, but at some future period I may probably communicate some observations on the present state of fly-fishing in different parts of the country with which I happen to be acquainted, and which, I doubt not, will be found useful to many of your readers. I shall be happy to hear from any of your contributors or acquaintances who feel inclined to impugn my theory, and shall willingly enter into a correspondence, either public or private, on that or any other subject connected with the art.

L.

THE VICTIM:

A true story—by a Medical Student.

Some years ago, myself and a fellow-student went to Dawlish for the summer months. An accident, which I need not narrate, and which was followed by a severe attack of pleurisy, chained me a prisoner to my room for several weeks. My companion, whose name was St. Clare, was a young man of high spirits and lively temper; and, though naturally kind and affectionate, escaped as often as he could from the restraint of a sick room. In one of his walks, he chanced to encounter a young lady, whom he fell in love with, as the phrase is, at first sight, and whose beauty he dwelt upon with a warmth of enthusiasm not a little tantalizing to one like myself, who could not even behold it. The lady, however, quitted Dawlish very suddenly, and left my friend in ignorance of every other particular concerning her than that her name was Smith, and her residence in London. So vague a direction he, however, resolved to follow up. We returned to town sooner than we otherwise should have done, in order that the lover might commence his inquiries. My friend was worthy of the romantic name that he bore—Melville St. Clare—a name that was the delight of all his boarding-school cousins, and the jest of all his acquaintance in the schools.

He was the sole son of Thomas St. Clare, of Clare Hall, in the county of ——, No. —— in Hanover-square, and banker, No. —— Lombard street. An eccentric man did the world count him. "Very odd," remarked the heads of houses for wholesale brides, "that the old man should insist upon his son studying medicine and surgery, when every one knows he will inherit at least ten thousand a year."—"Nothing to do with it," was the argument of the father; "who can tell what is to happen to funded, or even landed property, in England? The empire of disease takes in the world; and, in all its quarters, medical knowledge may be made the key to competency and wealth."

While quietly discussing in my own mind the various relative merits between two modes of operation for political aneurism, at my lodgings in town, some three weeks after our return from the country of hills and rain, (some ungallantly add of thick ancles also,) my studies were broken in upon by a messenger, who demanded my immediate compliance with the terms of a note he held in his hand. It ran thus:—

"Let me pray you to set off instantly with the bearer in my carriage to your distressed friend—

"M. ST. CLARE."

On reaching the house, the blinds were down and the shutters closed; while the knocker muffled bespoke a note of ominous preparation—"How are you?" I inquired, somewhat relieved by seeing my friend up: and, though looking wan, bearing no marks of severe illness: "I hope nothing has happened?"

"Yes, the deadliest arrow in fortune's quiver has been shot—and found its mark. At three, this morning, my father's valet called me up, to say that his master was in convulsions. Suspecting it to be a return of apoplexy, I despatched him off for Abercrombie,* and on reaching his room, I found my fears verified. Abercrombie arrived; he opened the temporal artery, and sense returned, when my unfortunate parent insisted on informing me what arrangements he had made in my favor respecting the property; and on my suggesting that his books might previously require to be looked over, he interrupted me by saying it was useless. 'You are the son of a ruined man.' I started. 'Yes, such have I been for the last twenty years! I have secured to you *a thousand pounds* to finish your education—and that is all that calamity has left in my power to bestow.' For some moments I was led to doubt his sanity.

'What, then, can be contained within those two massive chests, so carefully secured?'—'Old parchment copies of my mortgages. Your fortune has only changed in aspect; before you were in existence the author of your being was a *beggar!* My credit alone has supported me. I have with difficulty been able to invest in the funds for your wants the paltry sum I mentioned. May you prosper better than your father, and the brightness of your day make up for the darkness of his closing scene. God's blessings——' His head sunk on the pillow, and falling into a comatose state, he slept for four or five hours, when his transition from time to eternity was as gentle as it was unnoticed.

'For my part, I merely remain here till the last offices are performed. All his affairs will be committed to his solicitors, when the fortune and residence which I looked forward to enjoying as my own must be left to others.'

'Courage, my dear fellow,' said I, 'there is no space too great to allow of the sun's rays enlivening it—neither is that heart in existence which hope may not inhabit.'

The funeral was over, the mansion of his father relinquished, and St. Clare himself duly forgotten by his *friends*. The profession, which he before looked on as optional in its pursuits, was now to become the means of his subsistence; and in order to pursue it with greater comfort to ourselves, we took spacious rooms, which enabled us to live together, in —— street, Borough, in the neighborhood of our hospital. One morning it so happened that I had something to detain me at home, and St. Clare proceeded by himself to his studies. From the brilliant complexion and handsome countenance of a former day, his appearance had degenerated into the pale and consumptive look of one about to follow the friend for whom his 'sable livery of woe was worn.'

'Give me joy, Dudley! joy, I say, for life is bright once more!' exclaimed St. Clare, returning late in the evening, while his face was beaming with gladness.

'I rejoice to hear it,' said I. 'What has happened?' I inquired.

St. Clare explained. He had met his unforgotten mistress of Dawlish, she had introduced him to her father, with whom she was walking, and whom he recognised as a Mr. Smith, an eccentric and wealthy acquaintance of his deceased parents. Mr. Smith invited him to dinner the next day. To cut short my story, St. Clare soon received permission to pay his addresses to the lady he had so long secretly loved; and Mr. Smith, who had been originally in trade, and was at once saving and generous, promised £16,000 to the young couple, on the condition that St. Clare should follow up his profession. The marriage was to be concluded immediately after St. Clare had passed the College of Surgeons, which he expected to do in six months.

'Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and shall not be at home till the evening,' said St. Clare, returning from the hospital one morning; 'but as we must dissect the arteries of the neck somewhat more minutely before we go up for examination, I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can have one within two days, by applying to this man,' giving me the card of an exhumator in the Borough.

'Very well,' I returned, setting off.

'Which will you have, sir?' asked the trafficker in human clay, whose lineaments bespoke the total absence of every human feeling from his heart:—'a lady or a gemman?'

'Whichever you can procure with least trouble,' I replied—'when can you bring it to my lodgings?'

'The day after to-morrow, sir.'

'Good! What is your price?'

'Why, sir, the market's very high just now, as there's a terrible rout about those things; so I must have twelve guineas.'

'Well, then, at eleven, the evening after to-morrow, I shall expect you.'

The night passed, no St. Clare appeared;—the next, still he came not—and eleven on the following evening found him yet absent. Surrounded with books, bones, skulls, and other requisites for surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gentle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

'Two men in the street, sir, wish to see you there.'

'Very well,' said I, 'and recollecting the appointment, I descended, and found the exhumator and another.

'We called you down, sir, to get the woman out of the way; because you know these things don't do to gossip about. Shall we take it up stairs?'

'Yes, and I will follow behind. Make as little noise as possible.'

'No, no, sir, trust us for that—we're pretty well used to this sort of work. Jem, give the signal:' when the party addressed, stepping into the street, gave a low whistle on his fingers, and something advanced with a dull, rustling noise, which proved to be a wheelbarrow containing a sack. They had filled the gutter with straw, and over this driven the barrow. In an instant two of them seized the sack, and without making any more disturbance than if they had been simply walking up stairs, they carried it into my apartment, and the vehicle it was brought in was rapidly wheeled off.

It is usual for students to carry on their dissections solely in the theatre to which they belong, but as there are many annoyances from the low and coarse set too often mixed up in these places, St. Clare and myself had determined to choose a lodging where we could pursue this necessary but revolting part of the profession in private. Within my bed-room was a dressing-closet, which, as it was well lighted, we devoted to this purpose. Having carried in their burden and laid it down, they returned to the sitting-room, through which was the only communication with the other.

'Couldn't get ye a jemman, sir; so we brought ye a lady this time,' said the man.

'Very well. I hope the subject is a recent one, because I may not be able to make use of the body for a day or two.'

'As to the time she has been buried, sir, that's *none* to speak of;' while a grin of dark expression gathered round his mouth; and, though ignorant of its meaning it made me recoil, from the air of additional horror it flung over features already so revolting in expression. I went into the closet to take a glance at the subject, fearing they might attempt to deceive me. They had lain it on the table, and a linen cloth swathed round it was the only covering. I drew aside the corner which concealed the face, and started, for never till that instant had I seen aught that came so near to my lost ideal picture of female loveliness; even though the last touches had been painted by the hand of death. As the light of the candle fell on the shrouded figure before me, it composed the very scene that Rembrandt would have loved to paint, or you, my reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose and unbound, while its whole length, which had strayed over her neck and shoulders, nestled in a bosom white as snow, whose springs warm tides were now at rest for ever. One thing struck me as singular—her rich dark tresses still held within them a thin, slight comb. An oath of impatience from the men I had left in the next room drew me from my survey.

'Where did you get the subject, my men?' I inquired, as I put the money into the man's hand.

'Oh, we hadn't it from a town church-yard, sir. It came up from the country; didn't it, Jem?'

'Yes,' replied the man addressed, and both moved quickly to depart; while I returned to gaze on the beauteous object I had left, and which afforded me a pleasure, so mixed up with all that was horrid, that I sincerely hope it will never fall to my lot to have a second experience of the same feeling.

To me she was as nothing, less than nothing; and though, from long habit, I had almost brought myself to meet with indifference the objects which are found on the dissecting table, I could not gaze on one so young, so very fair, without feeling the springs of pity dissolve within me; and tears, fast and many, fell on those lips; I refrained not from kissing, notwithstanding mortality had set its seal upon them; as yet—

> 'Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Had swept the lines where beauty lingers.'

Her eyes were closed beneath the long lashes I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue—but 'soul was wanting there.' So great was the impression her beauty made upon me, that, stepping into the next room, I took my materials, and made a drawing of the placid and unconscious form so hushed and still. I look upon it at this moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccountable emotions that shook me as I made it. It must have been an instinctive—— But, to proceed. I saw but one figure in my sleep—the lovely, but unburied dead. I awoke—what could it be that felt so moist and cold against my face? —where was I?—what light was glimmering through my windows?—it was the break of day. Worn with fatigue, I had fallen asleep over my drawing, while the candle had burnt out in the socket, and my head was resting on the inanimate breast, which had been deprived too soon of existence to know the pure joy of pillowing a fellow-heart it loved. I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch. In the evening, while over my modicum of coffee, in came St. Clare. He appeared haggard and wild, whilst every now and then his eye would gaze on vacancy, and closing, seem to shut out some unpleasant thought, that haunted him in ideal reality.

'Well, St. Clare, what has detained you?'

'Death!' said he, solemnly. 'The sole remaining relative to whom Nature has given any claim on my affections, is no more. A sudden despatch called me down to soothe the expiring hours of my mother's sister, and not a soul is left me now on earth to love, save Emily and my friend. I feel most unaccountably oppressed—a dread sense of all pervades me; but let me hope that ill is past.'

'Well, think of it no more,' I replied, and changed the conversation. 'I have procured a subject—female, beautiful and young: but I feel more inclined to let it rest and rot amidst its fellow-clods of clay, than bare so fair a bosom to the knife.—It is well that the living hold a pre-occupancy of my heart, or such a beauteous form of death——'

'This note has just been left for you, Sir, from Mr. Smith, who requests an immediate answer,' said my servant, entering. I read aloud its contents:—

'Though unknown to you save by name and the mention of another, I call upon you as the friend of one who was my friend, to assist me in unravelling this horrid mystery. On Tuesday, at two, my dearest Emily went out, with the intention of returning at four. Since that hour, I have been unable to obtain the slightest information respecting her. I have called in your absence for St. Clare twice; he was unexpectedly out. Surely I have not mistaken him: He cannot have filled up the measure of mankind's deceit and abused the trust reposed in him! Let me pray you, for the love of Heaven! to give me the least clue you are possessed of that may lead to her discovery.

'I know not what I have written, but you can understand its meaning. Yours, &c. JOHN SMITH.

Starting from his seat with the air of a maniac, St. Clare abstractedly gazed on empty air, as if to wait conviction. Too soon it came, and seizing a light, he dashed towards the closet where he knew the body was to be. For the first time a dark suspicion flashed upon me, and taking the other candle I followed. The face had been again covered, and St. Clare setting the light upon the table, stood transfixed,—just as we feel the pressure of some night-mare dream—without the power of drawing his eyes away, or by dashing aside the veil, to end this suspense of agony, in the certainty of despair.

Every muscle of his body shook, while his pale lips could only mutter—'it must be so: it must be so!' and his finger pointing to the shrouded corpse, silently bade me to disclose the truth; mute, motionless horror pervaded me throughout; when, springing from his trance, he tore away the linen from the features it concealed. One glance sufficed—true, the last twenty-four hours had robbed them of much that was lovely, but they were cast in a mould of such sweet expression that *once seen*, was to be *remembered forever*.'

With indescribable wildness he flung himself upon the body, and embracing the pallid clay, seemed vainly trying to fan it back to life. I watched his countenance till it became so pale, there was only one shade of difference between the two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless inanimate expression of nonentity succeeded their former tension, while with his hand still retaining the hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the ground.

Assistance was called, and from a state of insensibility, he passed into one of depression.

All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so warmly loved from his fingers were in vain—the locks were, therefore, cut off from the head. Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke, the last words to which his lips gave utterance were these—'It must be so, it must be so.' For hours he would stare at one object, and his look was to me so full of horror and reproach, I could not meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infantine sorrow.

The reader will remember it so chanced, that I never was introduced to the heroine of my tale; but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of the subject for dissection with the unfortunate Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

Not the slightest marks of violence could be found about her person; the arms were certainly in an unnatural position, being bent with the palms upward, as if to support a weight, and seemed to have been somewhat pressed, but this might be accounted for by the packing of the body. All beside wore the appearance of a quiescent death.

She was opened, and not *the slightest* trace of poison presented itself. Immediate search had been made for the men; they had absconded, and all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with the victim of science in its grave.

Some years passed—St. Clare was dead—the father of the unfortunate Emily was no more. Fortune had thriven with me, and being independent of practice, I had settled in the west end of London, and married the object of my choice. I was soon occupied with the employments of my profession, and among the rest, that of surgeon to the —— dispensary.

Seven years after my first commencement, I had to attend a poor man who was attacked with inflammation of the brain. The violence of the disease had been subdued, but some strange wanderings of delirium still haunted him. In a paroxysm of this sort he one day exclaimed to me, as I was feeling his pulse, 'Cut it off! cut it off! it says so; off with it!' Paying no attention to this, I replaced his arm within the coverlid, but dashing it out, he seized mine and demanded, 'Does it not say if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off?' 'Yes, my man, but yours is a useful member: take my advice and keep it on.'

'I will not; it has offended me, ay, damned me to eternity. It is a murderous right hand!' But I will not drag the reader through the incoherent ravings of guilty delirium; it suffices to say, that after some considerable pains I elicited the following story from him.

"It's just ten years to-morrow (that's Tuesday) since I was discharged from four months imprisonment in the House of Correction. I was then just twenty. In the same place I met a gang of resurrection men, and they said what a jolly life they led, plenty of money, and all that, when one of 'em told the rest he knew a better way to get the rhino quickly than what they did, and if so be as they wouldn't split, he'd tell 'em. Well, after making me take an oath, (I tremble now to think of it) that I wouldn't tell, they let me into it. This was to kidnap all the greenhorns, that didn't know their way about town, and carry them to a house the gang had in —— alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be suffocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up. Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such a thing, but they persuaded me we were *all destined to go to heaven or hell*, before we were born, and that *our actions had nothing to do with it*. So I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the gang.

"On the day we were *let loose*, there were four of us loitering near the coach stand in —— street. A gentleman was walking up and down before an inn, and looking at his watch every now and then, and casting his eyes round to see if a coach was coming which he seemed to expect. Presently he met some one who knowed 'um, and I saw him take a letter and read it, and then say to the other, 'I can't come this instant, because I expect a friend in half an hour, and I must wait for her; but stay, I can write a note, and put her off,' when he stepped inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes, with a note in his hand. One of us had been servant in a cutting up house in the Borough, and knowed him afore; stepping up, he asked if he could carry the note for him? The other was in a hurry, and said 'yes,' giving him half a crown to take it into the Borough, then got into the coach and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had larnt to read, and breaking the note open, found some lady was coming to meet the gentleman by half past two. 'I tell ye what, my boys, says he, 'here's a fish come to our net without looking for it, so we'll have her first.' Shortly after, up comes a coach with a lady in it; meanwhile one of our gang had got another coach belonging to us *for the purpose*, which was in waiting; so the villain tells her that the gentleman had been obliged to go somewhere else, but he was an old servant, and if she would get into his coach, he would drive her to the house where the gemman was waiting to receive her. She never suspecting, got in, and was driven off to the *slaughter house*, as we called it. She entered by a back yard, and frightened by the dark, dirty way, and lone-looking rooms, and not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run off, but that was of no use, and taking her to a room for the purpose in the middle of the house, where no one could hear her screaming, she was locked up for the night. Well, I was uncommonly struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very hard to let her go—they said it would not do, because as how they would all be found out. *So die she must, the next order they had for a corpse.* That very night came an order, and they swore that I should have the killing of her, for being spooney enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it; but they said if I did not they would send me instead, and frightened at their threats, I agreed.

'In the room where she slept was a bed, with a sliding top to let down and smother the person who was lying beneath, while the chain which let it down was fastened in the room above. They had given her a small lamp in order to look at her through a hole, that they might see what she was about. After locking the door inside, (for they left the key there to keep 'em easy, while it was bolted on the out,) and knelt by the bed-side, said her prayers, and then laid down in her clothes. This was at ten—they watched her till twelve; she was sleeping soundly, but crying too, they said, when they took me up into the room above, and, with a drawn knife at my throat, insisted on my letting go the chain which was to smother her beneath—I did it! Oh, I did it!—hark!' (starting up) 'don't you hear that rustling of the clothes? a stifled cry? no, all is quiet! She is done for—take her and sell her!' and from that he fell into his old raving manner once more.

The next day he was again lucid, and pulling from his bosom an old purse, he said, 'I managed to get these things without her knowledge.' It contained a ring, with a locket engraven 'E. S.' and the silver plate of a dog's collar with the name of 'Emily' on it; 'that,' he remarked, 'came from a little spaniel which we sold.'

I had made a finished miniature from the rough drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing Emily Smith. This had been set in the lid of a snuff-box, and, anxious to see if he would recognize it, I brought it in my pocket. After looking an instant at the contents of the purse, I silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His mind but barely took time to comprehend and know the face, when, flinging it from him with a loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment—and I vowed from that day a renunciation of the scalpel for ever.

---

* Abercrombie is the chief surgical writer on diseases of the brain.

The most humorous method of getting over a quarrel that we ever heard of was that practised by an Irish comedian named Ford, who, being at a tavern in Bristol, spending an evening with a few convivial friends, a trifling dispute arose, when the comedian, with all the warmth of an Irishman, abruptly said to a companion, whose Christian name was William—"It's a lie, Bill!" The latter rose, and with the utmost indignation repelled the slander; but the Irishman, whose sudden warmth had cooled during the exasperated speech of his friend, rejoined in the most cool and collected manner—"Be aisy, now, and tell me what 'tis you're in such a rage about. Faith, an' I merely told you 'twas a *lie*!"

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1832.

CHOLERA IN GENERAL,
AND CHOLERA OF THE MOUTH.

It is probably expected that we shall give some tidings of the Cholera each week, until the fears of the community have subsided somewhat.

The latest accounts from Canada are more and more favorable; the disease is fast on the decline, and the means of resisting its fatality are better understood and more successfully applied.

It has seemed inclined to take a Western course—as it did over the continent of Europe; and we cannot but indulge the hope that it may wear itself out or get lost amid the mighty prairies of the West.

The ten thousand nostrums we daily see advertised, and the twenty thousand infallible preventives, are unfortunately calculated to distract the public mind, and render useless even that advice which otherwise might become effective and opportune.

Twelve days since every honest man was advised to "dash his water" with a little brandy, or discreetly use the generous wines, and only such. Now the tune has changed, just as every honest soul had overcome his scruples, and guaged his taste and appetite to the "scanty drops."

The fact is, every other man or woman (forgive us) that we meet, see, or hear of, has the Cholera in the MOUTH. "The Deil' can't check it, and though it has not in many cases proved fatal, some of the symptoms are shocking. It most usually makes its attack about morning in the shape of a curtain lecture, or table talk and chit chat of frightful news, followed by heart-burnings, sour visages, or what physicians call the Hippocratic countenance; for this form there is no remedy,—'tis entirely beyond the reach of medical art, and must be allowed to wear itself out.

Another species, and 'tis the most to be dreaded, attacks all wiseacres, and lovers of the marvellous,—in whom it exhibits itself by the following symptoms,—a disposition to gather great stories of dire mortalities and sudden deaths, followed by eructations of the same hideously enlarged, and frightfully distorted; the mouth is continually opening and the chin in perpetual motion.

Again, another form falls upon the credulous, through the medium of the ears, and produces symptomatic mania of that deplorable character which is manifested by starts, unwearied listening, and a morbid appetite for the most unwholesome "*articles and items*," generally succeeded by woful distraction of countenance and unspeakable alarm,—this form is absolutely contagious, often extending through whole families; the exercise of a little common sense gives great relief, and sometimes cures.

There is yet another species, and that by no means general, calculated to produce the greatest evil, inasmuch as it more or less gives rise to all the others. It confines its attacks entirely to Editors, and the symptoms surpass all that we have ever read of in the history of diseases.

This unfortunate class of the human family get partially infected through the medium of their correspondents, and partially by a certain characteristic disposition to give currency to the latest extraordinary news. It takes on the chronic form, though intermittent in its *type*: some suffer weekly—others semi-weekly, and others daily attacks. The doses are not only the most virulent but of the longest duration. They give MOUTH on the slightest cause, and continue to belch forth at morning, noon, and gentle eve, the very elements of their constitution. For some time the epidemic was limited in extent, and 'twas remarked that Sunday was the well day with all; but, alas! this feature in the disease soon vanished, and Sunday became the very worst in the seven. Oh! gentle reader of the country, could you but witness the agonizing *throes* of some of our fraternity on that holy day, you would fain resolve to avoid the city and the baneful influence of these horrid disgorgements. 'Twas shocking to witness the reckless avidity of our citizens, crowding around the very worst cases of this MOUTH *disease*, and in the most frenzied manner gulp down the very vilest *malaria* which emanated from the sickly brain of the raving, fiantic patients.

Physicians are baffled in every attempt to cure, though we are happy to announce that the consequences are less and less to be dreaded; and the constitutions of the afflicted are relied on as the only ground of hope, that this *month* Cholera will eventually yield to the returning influence of sober-mindedness, a less morbid appetite, and the constant exercise of prudence and philanthropic feelings.

A Lowell paper says, "it is a hundred to to one, if this *real genuine Asiatic Cholera* even visits them after all!" Hope the good people of that flourishing town won't get impatient—their turn may come, but the old cities must be served first. However we are not certain that the "*real genuine*" would flourish among "them of Lowell," for the editor thus continues his *item*:—

"The queans are combing their children's heads—and cleansing their kitchens. Cellars are being whitewashed. Filth is being removed out the streets. Chlorate of lime, camphor and opium have risen in the market."

Really, our Lowell friends are "quite bunkum!"

"ONE GREAT AND GLORIOUS CONSOLATION."—But a few minutes before the drop fell, and Mina launched into eternity, he looked composedly round among the vast multitude of spectators, and said with a smile—"Well, there is one glorious consolation that I have. If my life is ended by hanging, I shall escape the Cholera."

PROVIDENT GRAVE DIGGER.—The Easton Centinel of yesterday says: "We understand that our worthy grave-digger, Charles Hay, on Wednesday morning last, provided himself with a new spade, in anticipation of the Cholera."

GIRARD BANK.—The Grand Jury of Philadelphia have found Bills of indictment for bribery against five of the Commissioners, and have presented two of them for misdemeanor in office

THE SPRINGS.

The Saratoga Sentinel has issued the announcement of the entire healthfulness of that place; and the great probability that should the Cholera even invade our State, the Springs and the vicinity will be little liable to be the seat of this unseen destroyer. In this conjecture we entirely concur.

Public meetings have been held at Saratoga and Ballston, and the most efficient means adopted to guard those favorite retreats for the summer, from the approach of disease.

The Board of Health is composed of gentlemen deeply interested in the preservation of their present healthful condition, and we have no doubt but the utmost attention will be paid by them to the protection of those villages from every external danger. Saratoga, not being on the line of the great thoroughfares, either to the West or North, and being of all places the least likely resort of emigrants, or of those with no money in their purse, will scarcely be exposed at all, while the waters from those "health creating fountains" are peculiarly calculated to prepare the system to resist all diseases affecting the digestive organs,—which, together with a pure and healthy atmosphere, an amusing and highly cultivated society, and the best of accommodations, will surely justify the assertion, that the Springs afford the securest and pleasantest ailing place in the Northern States, during the continuance of warm weather, and the fears of the Cholera.

We reiterate what we said last week that a few glasses of the *real Congress* water, taken each morning, direct from the living Spring, would sooner than any thing else keep at bay this hungry pestilence—preserve the appetite, and promote that tranquillity of mind and buoyancy of spirit, so essential to our happiness and our health.

DO YOU WEAR A CHARM?—We were asked this question yesterday, and astonished our interrogator by our ignorance of the existence of such an article. It appears, however, that Messrs. Snyder & Co. have invented a "Camphorated Satchit," for wearing in the pocket or about the neck, as a disinfecting agent. This belongs to that class of remedies which act principally on the imagination, and may be considered by no means inferior to a red string for the nose bleed, and a horse shoe as a sure preservative from witchcraft—both of which talismanic remedies we have tried, and solemnly depose that we have never suffered from the nose bleed, nor been tormented by the witches,—i. e. not by *old* witches.

The frigate United States, now lying in the North River, with a crew of 490 men, exhibits an admirable specimen of good order and discipline. We never saw a vessel in finer condition, or a better looking set of seamen. She is under sailing orders for the Mediterranean, whither she is to take out Com. Patterson, who is to assume command on that station. She is to be commanded by Capt. Nicholson.

Parties of ladies and gentlemen have been daily visiting this favorite ship the past week, where the characteristic courtesy of the officers was put into requisition, in politely showing the delighted visitors her different apartments and her frowning implements of war. All have returned with praises on their lips, justly appreciating the urbanity of her officers, and the entire neatness and regularity that so astonishes a novice, when viewing such a number of men in so small a compass. The United States, we hear, sails to-morrow. She will carry with her the admiration of her grateful countrymen, and the good wishes of all. May Heaven's gales prosper her, and in due time return her to our waters, and her gallant officers to their friends and her crew to their country.

WEATHER IN SOUTH CAROLINA. The Camden Journal of the 23d inst., in speaking of the weather, remarks, "On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday last, the weather was hot enough to ignite an ice house, and to our knowledge several veteran mosquitoes became helpless for life, merely from exposure to the twilight too early in the evening. This is Thursday morning, and we are engaged alternately in blowing our fingers in order to shiver through this paragraph, and looking out of the window for snow birds. There are no skaits in this place, or we would comfort ourselves with some sport to morrow morning upon Carter's mill pond. As matters stand, we must submit to the Laplander's destiny, freeze up and depend upon thawing out in the spring. At any rate our fingers are too stiff to go on with this paragraph, and we wind it up with the more willingness, as we shall run some hazard if we make it much longer, of "burning" them under some sudden mutation of the weather."

MADAME TROLLOPE.—The Cincinnati Gazette in speaking of this abusive and much abused lady, remarks that "some of the citizens of C. knew a little of one Mrs. Trollope, who came amongst us as a literary pretender, and who undertook to play Turk, and erected a Bazaar, for which she had not means enough to pay those that furnished the materials and peformed the labor. She had a young Frenchman in her train whose relation to her was exceedingly equivocal. She did not succeed amongst us. Her whole appearance and conduct corresponded with her name. She was an impudent kind of man-woman, of vulgar exterior both in person and dress, of forward manners, altogether just such a woman, as no man could choose as the mentor of either daughters or sons. She speculated unfortunately, failed to make her way into society, got largely in debt, and left us, as she staid with us, in discredit. She went to England, where she was born, and wrote and published a book on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in which she tries to avenge herself for the just estimate with which the Americans regard herself and her pretensions."

"DR. WARD'S HAIR OIL."—The following paragraph, which first appeared in the New-England Chronicle, *has been the rounds*:

"The Lowell Mercury recommends 'Ward's Hair Oil' for raising a new nap on old hats. We suppose that it would create feathers on a bumblebee's back or lengthen out a mosquito's eyebrows at that rate." We can assure the Chronicle that it will do almost any thing in the hair-starting line, except to renew the locks on the naked heads of ——— men. This we are sure it will not do.

This "cut" we do not endorse, but we will remark that in cases where we have seen it tried, Ward's Oil gave a dandy a pair of moustaches in ten minutes, and another a tuft on the chin in five. We forgot to inquire their politics.

BORING FOR WATER.—In the area, in the rear of Holt's Marble Buildings, says the Gazette, workmen have been employed five months in boring for water. The work is carried on by means of a churn drill, worked by hand. The present depth of the bore is 345 feet, 130 of which is through soil, and 215 through solid rock. The water issuing from the rock is soft and of the purest kind, and a plenty of it can be had, at the present depth of the drill, for ordinary purposes—say from 20 to 30 gallons per minute, in a perpetual stream. We learn that it is Mr. Holt's intention to find the bottom of the rock, if he descends 1,000 feet. He will then be able to supply any quantity of water that may be wanted in the lower part of the city. The bore is ten inches in diameter and lined with iron pipes. The manner of performing the work is very curious, especially that of reclaiming a broken drill, at this great depth.—The drill when broken, is called a *thief*—the instrument employed to take it up, a *sheriff*,—and when the sheriff is unsuccessful in the performance of his duty, another, called, *Hays*, is employed, which never fails in drawing the thief to light.

DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLERS.—We learn that we are shortly to expect the arrival of the late Governor General of Jamaica, LORD BELMORE accompanied by his lady and suite. They intend spending some time with us, and during the summer make a tour through the interior—visiting Saratoga and other fashionable resorts.

Lord and Lady Belmore rank with the highest in England, and are distinguished travellers, having visited the Grecian Isles—Asia Minor and traversed the most interesting portions of Syria and Palestine. They have two sons in the British Parliament, and Lord B. is one of the Representative Peers.

It is said that Lady Belmore has been a celebrated woman in her day, and that Lord Belmore is a highly cultivated, refined and modest man. Such qualities will insure them politeness and civility wherever they go.

Americans are greatly inclined to give to all foreigners every thing they choose to ask in the way of titles, honors, &c. and though they now and then discover the imposition on their credulity, yet they generously persist in their admiration for even the appearance of merit and distinction.

In the instance before us there will be found no claims on our respect, which genuine worth does not justify; and we shall be greatly surprised if Lord and Lady B. do not receive the hearty welcome of honest Republicans, and those attentions which spring from good manners, hospitality and refinement—Basil Hall and Madam Trollope to the contrary notwithstanding.

GENERAL SANTANDER, President of Colombia, sailed on Saturday last for Carthagena, accompanied by Messrs. Acosta and Rodriguez, composing the Delegation to notify him of his election.

The modesty and genuine dignity of this amiable gentleman, has secured for him many warm friends and admirers among our most distinguished citizens. We regret that it was not consonant with the feelings of our Government to afford Gen. Santander the use of a national vessel to carry him from *New-York* to his native land. We shall not complain or indorse the severe strictures that appear in many cotemporary prints on this instance of national frugality, yet we personally sympathise in the disappointment which the General's friends have so unanimously expressed.

The President with his suite, sailed in a private vessel, belonging to Silas E. Burrows, Esq. but surely did not carry with him no fewer prayers for his success in the glorious cause—the deliverance and freedom of his country.

MR. VAN BUREN.—We understand that Mr. Van Buren was to have sailed from Liverpool on the first of June. He is now daily expected.—The pigs are fattening—the turkies are stuffing—the fruits are ripening and the wine is cooling to give him a glorious welcome home.

N. P. WILLIS.—We have seen, the past week, very flattering notices of this promising young gentleman, now in Italy, in various contemporary publications. His "First Impressions" do him great credit, and are evidently of late much improved. Several of his latest letters, says the Philadelphia Album, have been greatly admired and extensively circulated. Mr. Morris further says, that the Philadelphia *belle*, alluded to in one of his late letters, will be easily recognized by the description of her counterpart in Paris. Mr. Willis is co-editor of the Mirror of this city, to the prospectus of which, on our last page, we would call the attention of our readers.

"STEALING BAD HABITS."—We have cribbed the annexed "item" by way of reprisal, though we acknowledge we have the best of the bargain: "Some fellow has robbed Mr. Green of the Boston Morning Post of his *best* coat. Then he had more than one!—what a lucky editor, or rather what an unfortunate tailor he patronizes! Mr. Green informs the thief that, if he will call, he shall have a cloak also, to conceal his iniquity."

A melancholy accident, of a class which is becoming of frequent occurrence, took place recently in the town of Hartsgrove, Ashtabula county, Ohio. A Mr. Warner, who was hunting for deer, had laid himself down on the ground near a salt lick to watch for them; and while in this situation, with his head a little elevated, another hunter came along, and seeing his head indistinctly through the bushes, he mistook it for a wild turkey, and fired. The ball mortally wounded Mr. W. who survived but a few hours.

The OLIVE BRANCH, lately published at Concord, N. H. is to be discontinued we learn, by its last number. It wasn't "wolfish-like" enough, for the meridian of the "Granite State." We learn too, from the Charleston N. H. Mercury, that its present Editor, John A. Webber, Esq. is about commencing a semi-weekly paper in Portsmouth, in that state, to be called the *Portsmouth Courier*. Mr. Webber is a gentleman of talent and but lately resigned his commission as Lieut. in the U. S. Navy. Success we hope will attend him and his.

GALLANT COW.—The London Times says, the night before the battle of Talavera, the enemy had made an attack just after dark, and, though this was easily repelled, the troops bivouacked in momentary expectation of some fresh assault.—A *French cow* having broken her tether, cantered up to the Spanish lines, whereupon old Cuesta's artilleryman fired a salvo of their whole battery.

"AMERICUS.—When this classic name first caught our eye, we were puzzled to conjecture what animal was so honored, and had it turned out to have been a real living mammoth, our surprise, though different, would hardly have been less than on discovering that it belonged to an enormous "four year old steer, of the true Durham breed," from New Hampshire, now exhibiting next door to Tattersalls, in Broadway.

Though the fattest animal we ever saw, still his proportions are perfect, exhibiting indications of immense strength, and what is of more importance, proves the value of this breed for beef cattle most strikingly. He weighs 4,000 lbs. and is well worth the attention of the curious and especially of every breeder of cattle.

COBB'S EXPLANATORY ARITHMETIC.—The second number of this useful school book is on our table, and contains the compound rules, and all that is necessary of every other rule in Arithmetic, for practical purposes and the transactions of business.

Mr. Cobb is favorably known to the community as the author of numerous popular school books, and his reputation will be enhanced and his usefulness increased by this judicious adaptation of the principles of figures to the understanding of youth. We cheerfully commend it to the attention of parents and instructors.

"ADVENTURES OF A NARAGANSETT CHIEF, *written by himself*," a neatly printed duodecimo, has just been published by Mr J. K. Porter, 144 Fulton st. It appears to be written somewhat after the style of an auto-biography, though as yet we have not been able to find leisure to look into its pages.

A HARD CASE.—We found this in one of our city contemporaries without credit, though not original: and, as it is an "item" worthy of a "local habitation and a name," we, in the acknowledged goodness of our hearts, have adopted the *cute* little *foundling*:

"*Caution against carrying counterfeit money.*—A man lately had his pocket-book stolen, in which was eight or ten dollars, some valuable papers, and two or three counterfeit bills, which he had received and laid aside. He offered a reward for the same; and the thief, not finding so much money as was offered, returned the book with its contents, swore he found it, received his reward, and then entered a complaint against the owner for having counterfeit money in his possession.

THE UNKNOWN DOCTOR, *alias* THE QUACK.—We learn from a Montreal paper that a stranger usually seen leading three horses, or riding one, and having two following him, ready saddled, has produced in that city a very surprising effect on public opinion. He is said to prescribe *gratuitously and with great success, for the Cholera!* He says his prescription consists of equal quantities of powdered maple Charcoal, hogs lard and maple sugar. Numerous cures *are said* to have been effected by him. We give his recipe.

Two spoonfulls of Charcoal,
Two do. of Lard,
Two do. of Maple Sugar,

Mix these together, and give them to the patient with a spoonfull of sugar, to remove the disagreeable taste from the mouth: should this remain on the stomach one half hour after, you may know the patient to drink a little spruce beer—chocolate may be used after the recovery of the patient with dry bread. He recommends, after all these medicines, that good fat bacon, with beans, be well boiled together, the bacon to be first skinned, and boiled well, the patient to eat with moderation of this food.

"NECK AND HEELS TOGETHER."—It is said, though we would not make affidavit of the fact, that a young man of the name of NECK was recently married to a Miss HEELS; they are now, therefore, tied *Neck and Heels* together.

GRAMMAR GRINDERS.—A certain learned law Lord, says the Liverpool Times, declares the quarrels between himself and his lady are in strict accordance with the rules of *grammar*, which tells us that the *masculine and feminine* genders were never meant to *agree*.

NEW COSMETIC.—We find in a late London paper that Sir Kenelm Digby, in order to improve his wife's beauty, fed her with capons fattened on serpents; and, as is supposed, killed her with one of his newly invented cosmetics.

THE ARMY.—On Tuesday, the detachment of Artillery, which arrived here a few days since from Old Point Comfort, sailed under the command of Col. Crane, on their route for Chicago. In passing the frigate United States, the crew loudly cheered the soldiers, a compliment which they heartily returned.

The Philadelphia United States Gazette says of that city that it was never more healthy, and never presented so few cases of "warm weather disease." The same remarks applies to New-York. The weekly bills of mortality show much fewer deaths than are usual at this season. The city, moreover, is getting gradually clean, and some parts of it are at this time actually clean—a thing that has not been very common heretofore at any season of the year.

BEARS.—The Quebec Gazette states that much injury was sustained last year in the back settlements of that District from the depredations of bears, and that they are continuing their ravages this spring. Five cows have recently been killed by these animals in parts of the county of Lorette near the Bonhomme Mountain; they have also attacked cattle in other places. A young girl of about 12 years of age, who went to bring the cows from the woods at the Grand Desert is missing, as also a younger child in another place, and all searches have proved unavailing.

THE SHEAP SHEARING.—This grand festival of our Island, almost the only one which the rigid habits of our people tolerate, will be kept with due observance on Monday and Tuesday next. As the weather is fine, we trust it will be a source of happiness to many, the cholera notwithstanding.
Nantucket Inquirer, 23d inst.

LARGE HORSE.—An unusually large and beautifully proportioned horse was exhibited on Saturday last in State-street. He was of a dark bay color, and though but 'a colt,' and stated by his keeper to be 'only three years old come July,' he measured 17 1-2 hands high, and was the largest horse we recollect ever having seen. The keeper valued him at $1500. He was raised in Wheelock, Vt. and appeared to be remarkably active and docile.—*Boston Centinel*

MORE FRENCH PUMPKIN SEEDS.—Many of our readers will recollect that considerable laughter was excited a few years since by a member of Congress having sent, through the Post Office, *franked*, as "public documents," a lot of Pumpkin Seeds of a peculiar kind to his family in Kentucky. From one of our late papers from the South, we learn that there arrived at Opelousas, La. a short time since, by way of the mail-bags, several singular looking bundles, franked by "H. A. B——, M. C." By the wear and tear of the mail-bags, and the enormous rotundity of the bundles, their contents were discovered. And what do you think they were, gentle reader?—Why merely a couple of *white Marseilles waistcoats* for children in Opelousas.—No wonder that Congress will not allow papers to go "free"—there wouldn't be room!

GOOD AND BAD EATING.—"Gude morning, Pat, an ar ye goin up the Hudson this morning?" "Yes, Jemmy." "And do ye go in the North America?" "Och, no; for they will charge ye three dollars and ate ye." "And what boat do ye go in, Pat?" "Why to be sure in the Ohio; for she will charge ye two dollars and ye can ate yourself, Jemmy."

YANKEE CURIOSITY.—As a sailor, who had lost an arm, was travelling in the country, he stopped at a house for refreshment; the curiosity of the landlord was excited to know in what manner it was lost—"I'll tell you," said Jack, "if you won't ask me any other questions about it." The landlord agreed. "Well, then," said Jack, "*it was bit off*." The Yankee would not forfeit his word, but anxiously replied—"*Darnation! I wish I knowed* WHAT *bit it off!*"

GOOD WISHES.—An Irish Jack Ketch, upon asking a criminal on the point of execution for the usual fee of his office, received something more than the accustomed sum, on which he exclaimed with great glee—"*Long life* and good luck to your honor!" and instantly let the drop fall.

A faithful votary of Bacchus, finding one morning, no bread in the house, and his cash reduced to sixpence, which was just enough to purchase his quantum of grog for the day, after some deliberation, sent his son to expend one half for grog, the other for bread, but the boy had not proceeded but a little way on his errand when his father hallooed to him, "get all rum, bread is too dear."

AN ENVIABLE SITUATION.—The French *Messager des Chambres*, tells the following story, of a patient between two Physicians, which may not be out of place at this time, when the visit from the Cholera is "confidently anticipated" in this city.

"In the height of his malady, M. d'Argout, who was attended by the celebrated Dr. Bruissais and another physician, was urged by the former that if he took hot and sudorific drinks, his disorder which was the cholera, would speedily terminate fatally, and his only safe course was to lose blood and take ice. By the other physician he was told, on the contrary, that this system would certainly kill him, and that his only safety was in warm drinks often resorted to. Here was a puzzle for the patient. M. d'Argout, however, who had some knowledge of medicine, adopted both courses—he lost a little blood, he took a little ice, and he drank some warm drinks, and he speedily and entirely recovered.

PARENTAL AFFECTION IN A FOX.—We find a striking instance of that singular affection or instinct possessed by most animals, to protect their young, in a late number of the Chelmsford (Eng.) Chronicle.

"On Saturday Mr. Newman led his gallant pack to Lost Wood, in Terling. The hounds quickly found, and were going away by Mr. Baker's fields, when the fox was viewed, carrying a cub in its mouth, and to this act of parental affection, in all probability, the vixen, as it was thus recognised to be, owed her life. The hounds were instantly whipped off, and thrown into Toppinggo Half Wood, where a challenge was instantly given, and the fox broke cover in the direction for Braintree, near which the day's sport ended without killing. The vixen was seen to return to the wood, with her darling in her mouth."

MODERN EDUCATION.

The Constellation gives the following letter from a boarding-school Miss to her mother, as a specimen of the new and improved style of education:

"Dear Ma:—*I am now being teached* the Spanish language which my Tuetor says I learn with great facility—I've improved amazingly in the english since I've been here—don't you think I have? I speek and rite the real stile now—and my composition *are being verry much admired* among the pupils of the scool—I come within won of gitting the meddel for being the best english scollar at the clows of the last quarter—and I shood a dun it, but *I was being* sick a bed and coodnt attend to my studies for a hull week and sow I got behind hand—by the buy Ma, what shocking english you do rite, I'm ashamed to sho your Letters to enny of the misses among my ackwaintance—for instants you say wile the tea-water was bileing tother day—etceterah and so forth—now you shood a said wile the tea-water *was being biled* etceterah and so forth; Pa two rites just as incorrect—for instants he says in his laste letter french guds has fallen verry much of late; instid of saying french guds is *being fell*; I'me really shocked that you and he don't keep paice with the March of modern improvement—but *I'me being called* this minnet to excite my spanish lessen, so I must wind off and superskribe myself your affectionate dawter—

MARANDA MACKERELL.

P. S.—*I'me being* now verry nearly out of kid shues and hop yould send me a dozen pair by the neckst male—in haiste M. M."

MODERATE PUFFING.

A writer in the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle favors the public with the following "glowing description" of the powers and performances of an Irish singer of *extempore* ditties. Verily, the author of the article should not suffer his modesty so far to overshadow and hide his better qualities as to confine him to a region where literary merit is but faintly appreciated and encouraged. He might make his fortune in an astonishingly short period in the "Commercial Emporium" by the mere exertion of his laudatory faculties in behalf of "Cholera Medicines" and the like.—But to the article—here it is:

MR. GLASCOTT.—This astonishing son of the Emerald Isle has had two concerts in Charleston. He first addressed the audience, which was very numerous, and then went round with his hat, collecting the subjects with which his auditors were already provided. He then read them over, which amounted to about thirty-five, and on each of the seven subjects which received the most approbation he sung a song, with five minutes' interval between each. I can only say that I never laughed so much in all my life. His song on the "Reform Bill" and "Cholera" was the most comic piece of comicality that my astonished ears ever heard. He is possessed of a powerful voice, which he manages with great humor. His wit, in playing on words, is astonishing. It flashes with all the liveliness and rapidity of Champaigne. His poetry is well measured; but the first night he made his songs too long, which he obviated the second evening. He is about 26 years of age, about six feet in height, and slim but graceful. His eye speaks his ideas, and his countenance, though not handsome, is full of frankness, candor, and good humor. He is a splendid classical scholar, and an excellent writer. I wish we had him amongst us.

APOLLO.

THEATRICALS.

The Theatres, during the week, have put in requisition all the talent and dramatic attractions that belong to the entire theatrical corps. The peculiar state of the public mind has, however, operated to reduce the profits of them all, and we fear they must contend with the prevailing dread for some time to come. Still, the real lovers of the drama and the melting strains of heavenly music continue to patronize them, and we daily see flattering notices of this and that performance which could hardly be elicited by any thing short of first-rate acting.

Many favorites of the public have taken benefits, and some of them received a fair reward, "considering all things." Yet the warm weather, together with the general dread of crowded houses, has changed somewhat the current of the fashionables, and driven them into our gardens. We cannot just now find fault with this, for the sweet sea-breeze of Castle Garden and the gentle zephyr of Niblo's are really too grateful and too exhilarating at this season for any reasonable person readily and willingly to forego. A little time will change this, and the patient Managers will again receive that reward which their spirited efforts so richly deserve.

The attractions, however, for the coming week at each of the Theatres are hardly to be resisted. Miss Clara Fisher is announced to appear on the benefit night of her sister, Mrs. Vernon, at the Park. And we are pleased to see that the indefatigable Mr. Hamblin takes his benefit on Monday next, on which occasion he will restore to his boards the engaging and sprightly Miss Vincent, who, in conjunction with Miss Clifton, will appear as the Rival Queens in the tragedy of Alexander the Great, and in other characters adapted to the various excellencies of both.

The Richmond Hill will re-open on the evening of the 4th of July, after a recess of a week, in which the house will have been materially improved; while the substantial addition which will then be made to the company render the prospects of this establishment for the ensuing season highly encouraging.

MESSRS. THORNE & MESTAYER, with their company, were playing at Montpelier, the capital of Vermont on the 22th inst. and had been in that place for some time. The Vermont Patriot says that their performances were alike creditable to themselves and gratifying to their audiences, and instances the managers, with Mr. Meer and the ladies of the company, as especial favorites with the public.

From the Albany Microscope.

QUIZZICAL ADVERTISER.

North Gotham Grand National Theatre.

THIS EVENING, June 23, will be presented, for the first, only, and last time this season, the superlatively superlative and unrivalled comical, heroical, melo-dramatical, and farcical play, in 11 acts, called

FLEAS & BED-BUGS;
Or the gigantic grisly Ghost of the Bedchamber.

Bloodsuckerino, (prince of the Bedbugonians) his first appearance these 95 years,
Mr. Stickitintohim.

Biteandjump, (rival of the prince,)
Mr. Nipandgo,

(who will exhibit the arduous feat of *Flea*-botomizing a bed-bug)

Lady Cantsleepatall, Miss Tenderflesh,

(who will introduce the favorite song of "The Devil take the fleas and the bed-bugs, say I.")

As the ladies have expressed their fears of the appearance of the Ghost, the managers respectfully inform them that on this occasion he will be *invisible!*

For the remaining characters, see small bills.

The performances to conclude with Monsieur Beatemallhollow going through with his

Feats of Agility and Strength of Stomach,

In the course of which he will throw a double Flipflap Somerset through a lady's finger ring, swallow a Millstone and Potash Kettle without greasing them, and conclude by jumping backwards down his own throat!

☞ Admittance 25 cents, children half price; ladies gratis. Doors open at 6, performance to commence as soon as the house is filled. N. B. On this occasion the *free list* will be excluded.

NEW BOOKS.—Just received, a few copies of "The Englishman's Sketch Book," by a "Native," eighty-seventh stereotyped edition. Also, "Some Account of the Mohawk and Hudson Rail Road," by the same author, 39th edition, with "Notes by the Third Person." For sale at
J. O. SMALLS
je 23] Literarious Halls, 17 Foolscap Rooms.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

DR. SAVEALL'S Life-preserving Lozenges, warranted to preserve life to the time of the breath's leaving the body, if taken in sufficient quantities, just received and for sale by the bushel or quart, at the Dispensary of Health, opposite the churchyard, by
ANODYNE BREATHLESS.

N. B. Five bushels are sufficient to be taken internally, in the most obstinate cases of any disease, yellow fever not excepted; and in ordinary complaints, such as tooth-ache, cholera morbus, lumbago, elephantasis, or whooping-cough, they need only be carried in the breeches' pocket to perfect a cure. A poultice of them, applied to a fractured limb, will restore it to a sound state in four and twenty hours. June 23

"He is d——d agreeable," said a young lady. What! a young lady swear? Yes, courteous reader, whatever certain ladies may do and say, the imitative world call it fashionable, and the example is infectious. We have frequently observed a tendency, an inclination on the part of the female ton, to taper off with a neat delicate dash to polite swearing—a little half suppressed arch "damme," accompanied with a significant "Tom and Jerry" shake of the head. There is no harm in all this, but practice makes perfect—as Polonius says, "this effect comes by cause." Pa swears Ma swears, Miss Lydia swears, little Bobs swears, and Patty the maid swears. The whole family is inoculated with a vulgar unlady-like practice, gross and indelicate, leading step by step, to an unlicensed freedom of speech and a coarse selection of phrase. Let such inclinations be checked by all in authority.

A distinguished gentleman of Pennsylvania, whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought near together, was told "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very menacingly." "I am afraid of it myself," replied the gentleman "for a great many words have passed between them already."

The Englishmen complain of Americans for eating fast—they are obliged to do it when John Bull is present, or else they would not get any thing.

Three individuals who have recently died in the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, have left property to their heirs exceeding in value *one million sterling*.

THE EXECUTION OF MINA.

Mina met the punishment due to his crime on Thursday, (21st inst.) at twenty minutes before twelve. He was executed on the poor house ground, two miles from Doylestown. The concourse of spectators was computed at about ten thousand, of whom there were not more than one hundred females. The criminal left the prison at half past nine o'clock, and rode to the ground in an open dearborn, in company with the Sheriff and a Catholic priest of this city. The civil authorities rode in advance of the culprit, and were followed by about twenty persons, assistants and friends of the Sheriff.—A strong military guard, composed of several companies of cavalry and infantry, brought up the rear. It is said that on Wednesday night and on Thursday morning, Mina did not appear to realize the horrors of his situation, but conversed with his usual lightness and freedom upon indifferent subjects, until the clock struck nine, the signal for leaving the prison, when he evinced considerable agitation, and exclaimed, "*Oh, my God! the hour is arrived.*" From that time his demeanor changed, he gave himself up to a contemplation of his fate, and conversed earnestly with the priest. On the scaffold he prayed with apparent fervor for several minutes. He protested his innocence to the last, and made a short speech in Spanish to the spectators, which was translated by the clergyman. We publish it as given by the Inquirer.

"American! you see before you an innocent victim—I have not to my knowledge wronged any person; if I have, however, I sincerely hope they all will forgive me, as I forgive all those who have ever wronged me. *You thirst for my blood!* You think I am a coward—I will show you that I will die like a man—Innocent Mina! Poor Mina is innocent!" The death struggle was unfortunately protracted, by an oversight, in not giving a length of rope sufficient for a fall, that would have broken his neck immediately. The convulsive writhings of the miserable wretch lasted nearly ten minutes, and he seemed to endeavor to terminate his sufferings by his own exertions. The crowd looked on without the slightest expression of sympathy; and the feeling against Mrs. Chapman was so general, that had she been within the reach of the people, she would have shared the fate of the dying murderer. We have been informed that Mina attempted suicide on Tuesday night with a rusty nail, which he sharpened, and opened the veins of his left arm with it. He was discovered before he had lost much blood, and the wound was bound up. He also swallowed a large portion of broken glass, without succeeding in his purpose of self-destruction. In reply to the enquiries of the jailor, he said that he wished to weaken himself, that his death might be more easy.—*Pennsylvanian.*

"A HORSE! A HORSE."—We have seen various anecdotes lately going the rounds of the papers, illustrative of the wonderful sagacity sometimes exhibited by several animals; but we think none are more remarkable than the following facts, furnished by a creditable correspondent:

A farmer in Strafford Co. N. H., had a horse, which he ordinarily kept tied in the stable with a halter. He has frequently been known to untie the halter with his teeth, open the stable door, which was fastened with a hasp on the outside, and get into the barn yard; then he would open the great barn doors, by disengaging from a bolt a stick four or five feet long, enter the barn and fill himself with hay. Afterwards, becoming thirsty, he would open a gate, which was thought to be securely fastened, go to the well, where the water was usually drawn with bucket and sweep, *draw a bucket of water and drink*; then for the sake of variety, he would take down the *field bars*, help himself bountifully to clover, and return to the stable; where his master would find him next morning, looking as demurely as a new married damsel.
Exeter News-Letter.

A FANTASTICAL PARADE.—According to the Newark papers, the parade of the fantastical army, commanded by Gen. *Timothy Tremendous*, at that place, on Saturday last, exceeded any display of the kind, that has taken place.—It is said that ten thousand delighted spectators were present at the review, of whom "*not one* bore the appearance of inebriation, nor evinced any disposition to take advantage of the occasion to create disturbance." Neither did the "brave army," as did that of the renowned Bombastes Furioso, need an exhortation from their commander to refrain from "kicking up a row," but, with the spectators, retired peaceably to their homes to prepare themselves to lay the subject of a *reform in the militia system* before the next legislature, "in such a manner as will insure it the attention the popular voice has declared it to require."

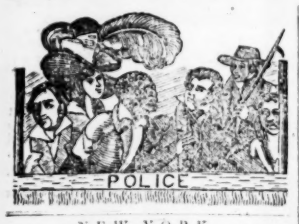
A BENEDICTION.—Father O'Houlaghan was one day holding forth to his rapt parishioners, on Jonas being swallowed by the whale; but unfortunately when in the marrow of his discourse, his memory gave him the slip, and he was completely stumped for the name of his fish. It could'nt have been a flounder, he mumbled, for that's too flat, nor an eel for that's too sharp, nor a gudgeon for that's too little, nor a—a—a—May be your reverence, simpered Catty O'Connor, as she staggered from a dark corner of the chapel towards the altar, may be your reverence, it was a whale. The priest who had of himself just come to the same conclusion, was so highly offended at being anticipated by an old fishwoman, that he indignantly exclaimed, "you lie you strumpet, and you'll be burnt for a witch for taking the word of God out of your clergy's mouth."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—The Standard relates an anecdote of a young man who recently came to establish himself in New York, and as he did not know what "line" was the most desirable spent a good deal of time and much shrewd sagacity, in looking about and guessing at the several ways of getting rich. He had considered pretty keen he said of all kinds of trade that were carried on here, and he had pretty much made up his mind, to set up the *Post Office business*. Them that carried it on, took a heap of money every day, and there was only one in the place. Many years since, a deputy collector, in the turn of times, lost his office, in consequence of his master's ejection. In the simplicity of his soul, he proposed that the two should *set up a little Custom House of their own*.

CHIROGRAPHY.—A writer in the Barnstable Patriot states that Will Shakspeare the great dramatic writer, Billy Pitt the thundering politician, Walter Scott the celebrated novelist, Geo. Byron the rhyming infidel, and Tommy Moore the poetical paddy, are all remarkable for their crooked hand-writing! There is some comfort in this—it is pretty plain proof that a *man of genius* cannot write a fair, handsome hand. Our *devil* says that our hand-writing is most *detestable*—we believe him, for we are egregiously puzzled to decypher it ourself—*ergo*,——*Exeter News Letter.*

A FOUL RESORT.—MR. Editor: I asked Bass last week, how I could free myself from some annoying obligations which fell due faster than the *needful* could be brought to bear against them. Bass replied, "Renew them payable the *first fair day*, and you will probably throw the burden of payment upon your administrator.—*Transcript.*

A quarrelsome French officer, lately travelling one of the boulevards in Paris, observed a person turn tow



NEW-YORK.

During the week before last, some thieves succeeded in carrying off from a gentleman's house at Manhattanville, on the river side, a few articles of previous belt within their reach; and, encouraged by their success, they made a second attempt during the night from Saturday to Sunday last. Upon this occasion four men broke into the barn, but unluckily for them the gardener sleeps there, and being aroused, fired a gun at them charged with buck shot. One of the rascals was severely wounded and carried off by his companions, leaving a track of blood behind, which bears ample witness of his punishment. As he was dragged off, he bawled out, "I am a dead man!" It is supposed that he was wounded in the head and breast. They made off for the river, where they had a boat, and thus effected their escape. It is hoped that this circumstance may lead to their discovery.—*Mercantile.*

"A FOUNDLING.—About 2 o'clock on Sunday morning a fine, healthy looking male infant was found by one of the city watchmen, at the corner of Laurens and Houston streets. The little innocent being, who appeared to have entered into the world within the previous hour, was found in an ordinary sized basket, and but slightly covered with some torn linen. The watchman conveyed the infant to the Alms House, where the nurse soon attired it in suitable cloths.

In the course of the morning the name of Laurens Houston was conferred on the little foundling, in consequence of the location in which he was found.

It is to be regretted that the inhuman beings who could desert an infant in this manner cannot be found and punished.—*Courier.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Philip Russell was brought up to the Police Office on Tuesday last, charged by a watchman with being dead drunk, but Philip denied the charge. He was a rough, red faced looking subject, apparently with nerves of iron, but made a very poor mouth about the matter.

Philip—How could I be dead drunk, your Honor, when I knew all what was going on?

"I suppose you was not at all in liquor, was you?"

Philip—Well, upon my modesty, I don't think I dare undertake to prove that.

"You must pay your fine."

Philip—Upon my veracity, I can't do that same thing, without a beggarly sixpence will do it, for that is all I've got in creation.

"Well, then, you must go to prison, Philip."

Philip—Ma conscience! for how long?

"For twenty-four hours."

Philip—Thank you, sir; I am very much obliged to you that you did not give me any longer time there. You have saved a valuable life, for I should surely have died in prison in less than a week. You can see I am in a very poor state of health indeed. Upon my virtue, you will never have a chance to recommit me; I shall be off the moment I'm out of the scrape.

"Take him out.—And you, sir, recollect that if you are found drunk in the street again, I will recommit you for thirty days."

BALTIMORE.

DARING ROBBERY.—About the hour of three on Sunday morning, just after day-light, as Mr. Lyman Seely, living in the large white tavern located on Harris's Creek, was coming out of the basement story, he was knocked down by an unknown person and robbed of his pocket-book containing 1445 dollars, which were of the following denominations—one United States' note for 500 dollars; five do. do. of $100 each; sundry notes of the bank of Baltimore and Virginia, $440; in change $5.

Mr. Seely is very seriously injured, and, as we are informed, confined to his bed. When he revived, after receiving the blow, he could give no account of the robbery, nor describe the person or persons that perpetrated it, the attack being sudden and unexpected. Amongst the notes is one United States ten dollar note, a forgery. The pocket-book is a large one, made of calf-skin.

It is earnestly hoped that all the exchange and lottery offices will keep a good look-out—and detain any suspicious person attempting to pass or exchange the $500 or any other of the above described notes.—*Chronicle.*

THE FIGHTING COLONEL.

I shall begin with General Johnson, whom I found exercising the function of Governor on my arrival at Minorca. Among the men, as I said before, he was known by the name of the Fighting Colonel: but the ladies distinguished him by the more flattering appellative of the handsome Johnson. Although of a fiery and irritable temper when provoked, he was in ordinary society one of the most pleasant and agreeable fellows in the world. As I had served with him in Germany during the greater part of the war, I had the satisfaction of finding a welcome and a home in his house on my arrival at Minorca.

One of the circumstances which gave rise to his less agreeable nickname, took place under the observation of royalty itself. Towards the conclusion of the reign of George II, large wigs were still in fashion, and Johnson having gone to the theatre on an evening when the King was to be present, he unfortunately involved himself in a quarrel, when, with that haste and violence for which he was so remarkable, he pulled off the wig of his antagonist, and threw it on the stage. It so happened that his commanding officer, Gen. Conway, one of the gentlemen of the King's bedchamber, was standing at the moment behind his Majesty's chair, and to him the King turned round, and asked who it was who had committed the act of violence. Gen. Conway replied that he feared it was an officer of his regiment, Major Johnson; when the King observed, in a deep tone of resentment, "And a major he shall remain." Soon after the affair in the theatre, Major Johnson went to join his regiment in Manchester, which was then considered a Jacobite town. I am not aware of the corresponding title in modern nomenclature, but I believe that the terms "democrat" and "radical" have each had their day. Going one evening to the assembly, he found the favorite tunes consisted of those Jacobite airs which, although now admired for their intrinsic value, were at that time applauded or contemned as they happened to harmonize or to clash with the political feelings of the audience. Soon after Major Johnson had entered the assembly-room, "Over the water to Charlie," or something equally offensive, was struck up by the orchestra; when the Major, unable any longer to restrain himself, called out to the musicians to stop; and, on their yielding obedience, required them to play "God save he King." On this interruption, the master of the ceremonies, a man of some note in the town, although tinged with the supposed sentiments of disloyalty for which his townsmen were understood to be distinguished, strutted up to the Major, and asked if he, an entire stranger in the place, persisted in making a demand which was calculated to interrupt the amusements of the evening. Major Johnson could ill brook the supercilious and authoritative air with which this remonstrance was addressed to him, and taking the master of the ceremonies by the nose, he twirled him round until the poor little man was hustled away by some of his friends; on which Johnson, turning round to the orchestra, again required them to play the King's anthem. To this demand there was some demur on the part of the musicians, on which the Major snatched up the great bass fiddle, and applied it with such good will to the head of one of the delinquents as to leave him standing amidst the shattered fragments of the instrument. This new adventure was speedily communicated to General Conway, who having found an opportunity of stating it to the King, made it the means of restoring Major Johnson to the royal favor, and from that period his promotion proceeded in the ordinary course.

It was the same Johnson who, on being disabled at the battle of Campan, by a shot through his sword hand, turned round to the men and exclaimed, "Royals! I have done my duty; charge again!"—*Sir J. Campbell's Memoirs.*

SPECIMENS OF A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Steam Boat.—A machine invented for the express purpose of checking the too rapid growth of population, by scalding to death two or three thousand people annually.

Thief.—An unfortunate, whose means of subsistence being gone, he is kindly and promptly supplied by the charity of our laws with comfortable apartments, where he has plenty to eat and nothing to do.

State Prison.—A large, airy commodious building, erected at public expense for the more comfortable accommodation of the above.

Fishing.—The act of a fool of one species, trying to deceive a fool of another, not always successful however.

Parasol.—A light screen carried by a fashionable belle for the purpose of overshadowing one quarter of her bonnet.

Low Creature.—A beautiful, modest girl, who is too poor to dress in the extremity of the fashion.

Taking a Light Supper.—Gormandizing late in the evening for the purpose of having the night mare till morning.

Friends.—Your daily associates, who will do anything but assist you in distress.

Old Maid.—A lady who has attained the age of twenty-four or five, without having married a fool, a knave, a gambler, or a drunkard.

Stupid Fellow.—One who allows his tongue some rest in the course of twenty-four hours.

An officer on a field day happened to be thrown from his horse; and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance: "I thought, said he, I had improved in my riding, but I find I have *fallen off.*"

The Boston Palladium says a man had his pockets picked at a book auction last Thursday night. Persons are apt to pick their own pockets at auctions for the purpose of buying things that they do not want.

RHUBARB PIE.—A gentleman, who had never before heard of this kind of pie, dining at a hotel in this city the other day had a piece brought him by the servant.

What kind of pie is it? asked he.

Rhubarb, replied the servant.

Rhubarb! exclaimed the gentleman, beginning to think of physic—no, I'll take some of the other kind.

What other kind? inquired the waiter.

Why *calomel-and-jalap*, returned the guest.—*Constellation.*

A middle aged man lately presented himself at the matrimonial altar. The clergyman having surveyed the man for a moment, said, "pray friend I think you have a wife already living?" "It may be so, sir, said he, for I have a treacherous memory."

AMIABLE FIDELITY.—A young gentleman paid his addresses to a young lady, by whose mother he was unfavorably received. "How *hard*," said he to the young lady, "to separate those whom love has united!" "Very *hard* indeed," replied she, with great innocence, at the same time throwing her arms round his neck, "and so mother will find it."

"PLEASURES OF MEMORY."—A lady of fashion at Paris said lately to her chambermaid who was dressing her—"How weary I am of this mourning!—I have worn it for fifteen days! But, apropos, Rosina, tell me for whom am I in mourning?"

Mr. Theophilus Hughes, a constable, attempted, on the 12th inst. to arrest Michael Drugan, a workman on the Pennsylvania Canal near Columbia, Lancaster county, on a suit for debt.—The man resisted, and struck Mr. H. with a mason's hammer, upon which the latter drew a pistol, fired, and killed Drugan. Mr. H. has given himself up for trial.

It is stated that the number of visiters to the National Gallery of Pictures in London, exceed annually, one hundred thousand. The collection has cost altogether about one hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

Father Caubasson had so won the good graces of a young ourang-outang, that, whithersoever he went, it was desirous of accompanying him, insomuch that, when he had to officiate on Sunday, he was obliged to confine it. On one occasion, however, it had contrived to make its escape and silently mounting the sounding board, lay perfectly quiet until the sermon commenced. It then crept to the edge of the board, and overlooking its master, counterfeited all his gestures in so grotesque a style, as to excite the risible faculties of the audience. The preacher, surprised and confounded at such unseasonable levity, had recourse to reproof, but without effect, when redoubling his vociferations, the mimic continued to act his part with such ludicrous accuracy, that the congregation gave way to loud and reiterated laughter. A friend now stepped up, and explained the adventure, when the good humored father found no small difficulty in preserving his own gravity.

A BALLOON was let off at the Inn of Mr. John Framer, on Friday evening last, by the proprietors of the FLYING HORSES, now exhibiting in this place. It shaped its course with the wind, [blowing directly North,] passing immediately over the town, in fine style, much to the gratification of all who witnessed it. We understand, two young ladies at a farm house, supposing it to be the Comet, were so terrified on its near approach, that they fainted.—HEMPSTEAD INQUIRER.

DEATH BY TAKING LAUDANUM.—The Albany Evening Journal says:—A boarder at one of the Hotels in this city, who had been a resident of New-York, died suddenly this morning, at 10 o'clock. He had been excessively intemperate, and from a phial found on his table, no doubt he had intentionally taken laudanum to cause death. He left a scrap of paper signed by himself as follows:—"NOT THE CHOLERA."

MONEY.

"Put money in thy purse."—SHAKSPEARE.

We "take our pen in hand," as our good old grandfathers used to say in writing to their sweethearts, to indite a short CHAPTER ON MONEY. It is a fruitful subject, inasmuch as it is the great governing principle, (if we may be allowed the expression) of mankind, and axis of human ambition. Money is a good thing—a bad thing—a kind master—a thief in the temple of virtue—a ministering spirit to the needy—a villain in disguise—and, with a sad rake. What opens the fair arms of the blushing girl to the embraces of the old, the infirm and ugly? Money. What causes old ladies to look kindly upon the advances of a young man to a blooming daughter? Money. What brings complimentary remarks from the old, and humble acknowledgements from the young? Money. What causes men to struggle for office? Money. What is the criterion of right and wrong? Money. What is the cause of the wrangling, struggling, cheating, brow-beating, shuffling and bowing, so prevalent among mankind? Money. What, in fact, is the grand standard of human effect? Money.—What makes the printer struggle in the mire of politics? Money. What leads the Editor to inform the people of these facts? Money. What do we require at the hands of our readers? Money. ☞ DO YOU TAKE,—Sir? You are the very man we desire to hear from.

SPORTING NEWS.

LAST WEEK'S MATCH,

Over the Mount Vernon Trotting Course.

Communicated for the Spirit of the Times.

The Match for a Saddle, Bridle and Martingale over this Course was contended for by the following horses:—

Mulatto Mary,	1 2 1
Live Oak,	2 3 3
Little Dolly,	3 1 2
Trumpeter,	distanced.

Our sport on Thursday was truly interesting. The assemblage of people was greater than on any former day's sport. At the commencement of the first heat Mulatto Mary took the lead and kept it to the close, Live Oak following, and succeeded in keeping her aged gallant at respectful distance; Trumpeter being distanced.

Second Heat.—Live Oak took the lead, and succeeded in keeping it half round the Course, hard pushed by Mary and Dolly, when the former shot ahead and took the lead, and when within 40 yards of the winning post, broke; Dolly won the heat in gallant style, to the no small satisfaction of the company. When the two competitors came together, every muscle and nerve were in full action. In this heat they headed each other twice.

Third Heat.—In this all was anxiety, 'twas hard to say who would be the winner. Mary took the lead and it was with the utmost exertion that she could maintain it, Dolly sticking as close to her "as a bad bargain," to the very close. Mary was again declared the winner in this heat by a length, leaving the Poor Old Veteran behind to take his pleasure in viewing the sport, of this admirable and hard contested heat. Trumpeter, we think, could have had no intention of winning, but merely acted as footman to the two fair creatures, who so entirely outstripped him.

Time, 1st heat, 2 miles, 6m. 25s.—2d do 6m. 20s 3d do. 6m. 8s. A SPECTATOR.

BALTIMORE TROTTING CLUB.—This association (as we learn from the Gazette of that city) was to have held its annual meeting on Wednesday the 27th inst. The leading object of this Club is the improvement of the breed of horses in that section; and this object they propose to attain by exciting a general interest in the rearing of a superior breed of horses, and by demonstrating the ability of the state of Maryland to produce horses at least equal to those of any other section of the country. Large sums of money have heretofore been sent out of the state for the purchase of the best blood horses, which will in future be principally saved if the society succeed in the accomplishment of its objects. It was hoped that a considerable accession would be made to the numbers of the association on this occasion.

We have mentioned that some person recently, while the U. States Senate was in session, had thrown a horse-shoe among the members. The Boston Statesman says—"At first we were disposed to consider the horse-shoe affair in the Senate as a serious outrage, but upon second thought we are inclined to believe that it was done from a patriotic motive. The person who did the deed, no doubt, saw that the devil had got into the Senate, and threw in a horse-shoe to expel his majesty—as people nail one to a pew door, to keep his Satanic Majesty out."

FATAL WRESTLING MATCH.—We learn from the Philadelphia Inquirer, that two young men, foreigners, named Montgomery and Alexander, who for several years, had resided in this country and were personal friends, after wrestling together in jest and exercise, in the neighborhood of Bush Hill on Sunday last, became excited, and finally fought in earnest, and with great severity, for several moments. Some of the by-standers at length succeeded in parting them, but about a quarter of an hour afterwards, Alexander, who was by far the heaviest man, fell suddenly over, and died in a few minutes. A jury was called forthwith, who, after a sufficient examination of the body, decided the immediate cause of the death to have been a severe blow given behind the ear.

DUEL AT NEW-ORLEANS.—We learn that a duel was fought lately at New Orleans, by a Bostonian (who was the chal'enger) and a Kentuckian. The latter was shot through the breast at the first fire. We have no accurate account of the transaction. Reports are very contradictory, but they all agree that the provocation was excessive.

Mt. Vernon Trotting Course.

On Thursday, July 5th a Saddle, Bridle and Martingale, will be trotted for over this course, lately improved by the proprietor, WILLIAM OLIVER, for 2 mile heats, by Horses of all sped. Races to commence at half-past 4 o'clock, P. M.

It is the particular desire of the Sporting circle that the Purse may be hereafter collected at the Gate in the following manner:—Every horse will pay on going into the Course, and the receipts of the same to be kept exclusively for the Purse. No collection to be made on the Course as heretofore.

N. B. Matches every Thursday until notice is given to the contrary, in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New York." The results will be given weekly in the same paper.

4th of July Races.

TWO be run over the Canton Course, (Maryland,) on Wednesday the fourth of July next, for an elegant SILVER CUP, one mile and repeat, free for saddle horses only, to start at twelve o'clock precisely.

Same day, at three o'clock, an excellent Saddle, Bridle, and Martingal, will be run for, free as above.

And on the second day there will be run for an elegant Silver Cup, one mile and repeat, free for saddle horses, as above.

And at three o'clock, same day, will be trotted for an elegant Saddle, Bridle, Whip, Spurs, and Martingal, one mile and repeat.

As this race is made particularly for sport, any horse that is known to have been kept as a racer will be excluded from either of the above entries. All horses to be entered with Mr. Martin Potter, any time previous to the hours of starting.

The public that wish an interest in the chances for the above beautiful articles, can see them on the morning of the first day's race, by calling on Mr. Martin Potter, who has them for examination.

Tableaux Vivans.

Atheneum Rooms, cor. of Broadway and Pinest.

THE exhibition of animated portraits, together with many more optical illusions, will open for the first time to the public on Monday 18th inst., to continue every clear day, from 11 to 5 o'clock (Sundays excepted.) Entrance in Pine street. Admittance 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents.

Living Portraits.

AN exhibition of a novel nature, the exhibition of portraits from the Life, will open on Monday next in the Room formerly the Atheneum, corner of Pine street and Broadway

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Resort, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

Vauxhall Garden.

THIS delightful Garden is now open for the season and brilliantly lighted every fair evening. A first rate band of music will perform from 7 to half past 10. Admittance to non-subscribers one shilling. N. B. The subscription book is now open at the garden. Family season tickets $5. The subscriber would respectfully state, that he has engaged for the season a superior Band, conducted by Mr. Friedhein, late leader of the Eighth Legion National Guards, Paris, who trusts by his exertions this summer to establish in this city the character he enjoyed as a Musician in Paris. Selections of Sacred Music from the most celebrated composers, every Sunday evening in the Saloon. J. HUNT.

To Sportsmen.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

Booksellers, Jewellers,

AND DEALERS IN

FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO desire a neat and good article in this line (which is always the cheapest,) for retailing, are informed that they can always procure at the OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

Fine Pocket Books, Card-cases, &c.

from the subscriber's *GREAT ASSORTMENT* of

170 KINDS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL;

At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 48 per doz.

LOOK FOR

T. BUSSING, *Manufacturer,*

70 WILLIAM STREET, New-York.

Commission and Exchange

OFFICE,

130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c., payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

LOTTERIES.

By the decrees of the Legislature of the state of New-York, the drawing of Lotteries in this state will soon expire, and with it the opportunity of acquiring any more of those numerous fortunes which the New-York Lottery has so plentifully distributed.

Of the many venders who have been the happy dispensers of these prizes, none stand higher, if so high as the "all lucky SYLVESTER," who, not to go further back than the last few months, has actually sold and paid no less than two capital prizes of $30,000, three of $20,000, two of $15,000, one of $12,500, two of $10,000, and such a numerous list of $1,000's and others of lesser note that it would be perfectly tedious to enumerate them here.

This Lottery (the New-York Consolidated) has ever been the great favorite; and Sylvester calls the attention of his distant friends, patrons, and adventurers in general, to the foregoing facts, in order that due notice may be given of its approaching end, and, that full advantage may be taken of the many splendid and favorable schemes which are yet to be drawn before its final closing. Until that period arrives, a Lottery will be drawn as usual every Wednesday afternoon in this city—of which, full official schemes are always published in this paper.

The scheme for the 11th July, Class No. 23, containing four capital prizes of $10,000, is a decided favorite. It is known as Sylvester's Lottery, from the fact of his always selling the $10,000 prizes. Purchasers will do well to apply early, as tickets are already in great demand.

Again: the scheme for the 25th July, Class No. 25, is much approved by competent judges—but, where all are so good, it is almost presumptuous to particularize.

The subscriber, (who has permission to refer to the very first houses in the United States, and to the respectable Managers, Messrs. Yates & McIntyre of this city) begs to state that he makes a liberal deduction when a quantity or package is taken; and that now, as heretofore, all orders addressed to him are sure to meet with prompt attention. S. J. SYLVESTER.

New York; Baltimore, Md.; Pittsburgh, Pa.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended.

S. J. SYLVESTER & Co.

No. 33 Baltimore-street, Baltimore, Md.

And Exchange Buildings, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MESSRS. YATES & M'INTYRE having succeeded in purchasing the grant of the Maryland State Lotteries, a scheme of Class No. 7, to be drawn in Baltimore, on Saturday, June 23d is presented to our customers, for which we ask a consideration. Having an office as above, we shall be enabled to afford every facility to adventurers. Our friends in Ohio will perceive by the announcement in this paper, that we have been particularly successful within a fortnight, in sending prizes to Waverly, Sandyville, and Chillicothe. It was omitted to be stated, that in New-York, number six, 6 37 49, a prize of 1000 dollars was sent to Cleaveland.

It will be remembered that when $10 and upwards are remitted, postage need not be paid; but correspondents are urgently requested to send notes of as large denomination as possible; it frequently happens that the postage charge deprives us of all profit. Our friends are aware that when a package is sold, a deduction is always made from the full price, and when a certificate is ordered, the difference between the cost and warranty noted only be forwarded. It is respectfully suggested to adventurers, that by ordering certificate, whether of package or loose tickets, they will save themselves much return postage—in such cases the tickets are always sealed up and held for the benefit, and subject to the order of the buyer.

☞ S. J. Sylvester is regularly Licensed by the several States in which he has offices. All tickets sold by him will be paid on demand, in New-York, Pittsburgh, and by any of the Manager's Agents in the United States.

HINTON'S

Military and Sportsmens'

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,

191 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles:—Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; also Wings, and worsted do—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and tubes; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and coats; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fish's, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets &c. &c. comprising a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No. 497 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

WANTED ALSO,

A young or middle-aged man as a partner in a safe, pleasant and profitable business, the capital required is only $350 and the Business is worth $1,000 per annum. Apply to J. GREEN & Co. 497 Pearl street.

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 495 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,

☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

. VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

To Sportsmen.

CHEAP FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is selected up in the most elegant and superior style, viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABRM BROWER,

230 Water street.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of super or Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,

No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

. *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky. which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 19 JAMES MOORE.

PAINTINGS.

THE celebrated Collection of Paintings, for fifteen years known in Paris as the *De Satreville Collection*, is now publicly exhibited at the new Gallery, No. 271 Broadway, (entrance in Chambers-street.)

It will present to the admiration of connoisseurs and amateurs, master-pieces of the first order from among the four schools—Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French, by Raphael, Titiano, Paul Veronese, Carucci, Guerrino, Francesco, Biola, Fra-Bartolomeo, Carlo Dulce, Diego Velasquez, Morillo, Ruben's and Daniel Segheri, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Snyders, de Koninghi, Peniers, Claude Lorrain, Van Dyck, Lessiur, &c. with a supplement of several fine Paintings, by or after Guido, Caravaggio, Pomarancio, Casali, lately brought from Rome, by the Rt. Rev. D. D——

Admittance 25 cents—Children half price—Quarterly Tickets $1

Catalogues, explicative and historical, 36 pp. in 18mo, 12 1-2 cts.

The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

THE TWO HARES, by Paulus Potter—This celebrated and wonderful picture is publicly exhibited in the back room of the Saitreville's Gallery, Chamber-street.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price—quarterly tickets $1.

Description delivered gratis. The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Garden is open for the season. As it has been the wish of the proprietor to make the Garden a fashionable and agreeable place of resort for the respectable part of the community, he hopes that the decorations, embellishments, and general regulations, will be such as to render it worthy their patronage.

The Green House Plants are in the most healthy state, and the largest collection of any public or private garden in the city. The Beds and Borders are highly ornamented with annuals, perennials, exotics, herbaceous and aquatic plants.

The embellishments have been got up without regard to expense. The paintings, classical, ornamental and transparent, are by the best artists, viz: Messrs. Waike, Jones, Jackson, Grain, James and Son, Hamminghen, and others.

The South Garden is laid out and lighted in a superior style to that of any preceding season—The Grand Walk and its magnificent illuminated Arches, so much admired last season, far exceed its former beauty; they are supported by twenty-four illuminated Lyres, enwined with wreaths of flowers of the most lively hues. The illusion is heightened by a correct perspective continuation of the extremity of the walk, which carries the bewildered eye through an illuminated Arcade, fitted up with Egyptian Vases, filled with flowers. Still further, resting on beauties, the distance only decreases to increase the effect of the magic scene.

The commencement of the walk is decorated with a superb Mirror, of more than 300 square feet, so artfully arranged as to repeat the grandeur of the walk, and cause pleasing reflections to the admiring spectator.

The many thousand variegated lamps, tastefully arranged, apparently turns night to day—splendid Chinese Lanterns peep from among the trees—Vases of Flowers, the brilliant colors of which mock reality—supporters for variegated cut glass Globes, lighted with pure oil. Gas made on the premises.

The North Garden has been laid out entirely different, with considerable improvements. Orange and Lemon Trees, large Cape Jessamines, and Flowering Magnolias, form a complete grove, studded with pyramids of exotic and other plants. The whole is tastefully lighted up with Oil Gas, proceeding from twelve splendid pedestals, which have a most imposing appearance.

Suns, Glories, and Stars of variegated Lamps, also Chinese Lanterns, which shed a soft, beautiful, and chastened lustre over the meandering walks below them.

For the better and more effective display of the FIREWORKS this season, (which from various improvements in colors, procured from extremely rare materials discovered and imported by Mr. Feuchtwanger, Chemist, the Artist feels confident will be superior to any hitherto exhibited.)

A Fortress has been erected, from the battlements of which the various pieces will be fired—Looking through the inner court of the Castle is seen a distant view of Mount Vesuvius, during the awful eruption of 1810.

In the north corner of this Garden is a splendid Painting, by Mr. Walker, late Artist at the Park Theatre. It represents a view of the ruins of a Gothic Chapel by moonlight, the distant view is Howth Light house, Dublin, in Ireland. In the south corner is another splendid Painting by the same artist—it is a view in Venice, embracing the Ducal Palace and Terrace of Borregio, covering 1,000 square feet of canvass.

The Grand Military Band which is full and effective, will delight the company every evening with a musical entertainment, worthy the approbation and applause they received last year from the thousands who heard them. When the evenings are at all cool, the Saloon can be enclosed and made comfortable to those who are afraid of the night-air.

Mr. Joseph L. Hays and other officers will be in attendance to preserve good order, and keep out all improper persons.

☞ Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cents.

A limited number of Season Tickets will be disposed of. For terms, apply at the Garden.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description. Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

Thatched Cottage Garden,

JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June 9—tf

Fishing and Fowling Tackle

STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 11-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Nets—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets, and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, still its the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors ontuflacious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. Wm. HIGG,

25 Nassau St

Hardware & Fishing Tackle

STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Purell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,

No. 52 Fulton-street.

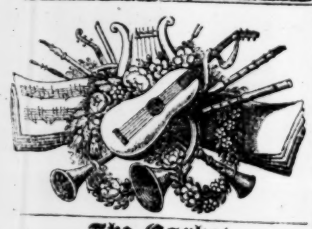
NEW BOOK STORE,

No. 16. *Exchange Buildings,*

ST. CLAIR-STREET PITTSBURGH, PA.

S. J. SYLVESTER has lately received ONE HUNDRED CASES OF BOOKS, consisting a complete assortment in every department of Literature, which he will sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any *other house* in the western country. Dealers can save considerable, by making their purchases this side of the mountains, in carriage, and receive their books in better order.

300	Family Bibles,
200	Octavo do.
500	School do.
900	Testaments,
500	Debolt's Arithmetics,
1000	Walker's Dictionary, school edition,
500	Ovid's Art of Love



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

MY HORSE.

With glancing eye and curving mane,
He neighs and champs on the bridle rein.
One spring, and his saddled back I press,
And ours is a common happiness!
'Tis the rapture of motion—a hurrying cloud,
When the loosened winds are breathing loud;—
A shaft from the painted Indian's bow—
A bird—in the pride of speed we go.

Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now,
While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow,
And the dizzy earth seems reeling by,
And nought is at rest but the arching sky,
And the tramp of my steed, so swift and strong,
Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song!

There is life in the breeze as we hasten on,
With each sound some care of the Earth has gone,
And the languid pulse begins to play,
And the night of my soul is turned to day.
A richer verdure the Earth o'erspreads,
Sparkles the streamlet more bright in the meads;
And its voice, to the flowers that bend above,
Is soft as the whisper of early love.
With fragrance spring flow'rs have burden'd the air
And the blue bird and robin are twittering clear.

The glistening trees, in their shady ranks,
And the ewe, with her lamb along its banks,
And the king-fisher, on the withered bough,
And the pure blue heaven, all pictured below!
Bound proudly, my steed, nor bound proudly in vain
Since thy master is new himself again.
And thine be the praise, when the leech's power
Is idle, to conquer the darkened hour;—
By the might of the sounding hoof, to win
Beauty without and a joy within;
Beauty, else to my eyes unseen,
And joy, that then had a stranger been.

Sport. Mag.

SIMPLICITY.

In 1808, Capt. Woolsey, Capt. Gamble, and Mr. James Cooper, of New-York, then all of the Navy, with the late Col. Chrystie and Col. Gardner, of the Army, formed one mess, at Oswego, on Lake Ontario. The servant of Col. Gardner was an Irish lad, who was known in the mess by the name of Sligo. On one occasion, when the gentlemen were drinking their tea, the fire fell down, and a coal lodged in a large crack, where it soon produced a blaze.

"Put out the fire, Sligo," said one of the gentlemen. The lad seized the tea-kettle in haste; but when he had it over the fire, he suspended his operations through fear. "Put out the fire!" cried the head of the mess in a voice of thunder. The poor boy wished to obey, but his head was on fire itself. He thought he saw instantaneous destruction in this act. The dry shingle edifice was in flames before his mind's eye, and, forgetful of his customary obedience, he ventured to expostulate; he cried in a tone of awful remonstrance—"The water's warm, sir!"

ACCIDENT TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.—Monday evening, about half-past six o'clock, as Viscount Castlereagh was returning from Hyde Park, in his cabriolet, the reins (round ones) broke, and the horse, finding himself at liberty, proceeded towards Curzon-street, May-fair, at a most rapid pace. His Lordship tried to stop the animal by having recourse to the additional or "safety reins," but they also broke; and as there was no possibility of his being able to extricate himself from the perilous situation in which he was placed, he called out "stop the horse;" which several persons attempted to do without success; at length the cabriolet was upset, by coming in contact with the lamp post at the corner of Clarges-street, which it levelled with the ground, and his lordship was thrown out with great force, and instantly taken up in a state of insensibility, and conveyed to the house of Dr. Hunc, in Curson-street; but we are happy to hear his Lordship so far recovered as to be able to walk home shortly after the accident. Such was the violence of the concussion, that both shafts were broken, as also the traces; and the horse continued his career until he was stopped at Lansdowne-passage, without sustaining any apparent injury. His Lordship's Tiger, alias little groom, maintained his post behind the cabriolet, until it was upset; and, to the astonishment and pleasure of a number of persons who witnessed the accident, he landed on his feet, and ran after the horse as fast as his jockey boots would permit, and conveyed him home in safety.

MARCH OF MUSIC.—A Highland piper having a scholar to teach, thus initiated him into a knowledge of semi-breves, minims, crotchets, and quavers:—"You see that fellow with the white round open face (pointing to a semi-breve, between the two lines of a bar,) he moves slowly from that line to this, while you beat one with your foot, and take a long blast. If you now put a leg to him, you make two of him, and he'll move twice as fast. If you blacken his face thus, he'll run four times faster than the first fellow with the white face. And, what think ye? after blackening his face thus, if you bend his knee, or tie his legs, he will hop you still eight times faster than the white-faced fellow I showed you first. Now, whenever you blow your pipes, Donald, remember this, the tighter those fellows legs are tied, the faster they will run, and the quicker they are sure to dance."

FELLOW FEELING.—It is told of a certain worthy and wealthy citizen who has acquired the reputation of being a considerable consumer of the good things of the table, and has been 'widened at the expense of the corporation,' that on coming out of a tavern, after a turtle feast, a poor boy begged charity of him—For mercy's sake, sir, I am so very hungry! "Hungry! hungry! hey! what! complain of being hungry!—why I never heard the like!—complain of being hungry!!—Prodigious!!!—why I'd give a guinea to be hungry!!!—why a hungry man (with a good dinner before him) is the happiest fellow in the world!—There, [giving the boy half-a-crown,] there, I don't want you to take my word for it; run along, my fellow, and make the experiment yourself.—*Dr. Kitchener.*

A GLIB COMPLIMENT.—Even the vile traffic in figs, treacle, and oil, cannot reduce the Frenchman to the level of a tradesman. An oil merchant of Marseilles, writing to his correspondent at Bordeaux, says, "Oils are at present very low—NOT so the esteem with which I have the honor to be," &c.

A report prevails in the upper circles, that the Earl of Dudley, whose unhappy condition we have before noticed, was recently a suitor for the hand of one of the daughters of the Earl of B——. It is not said that the young lady accepted the offer.—FIGARO IN LONDON.

PADDY'S FOX STORY.

From Legends and Stories of Ireland.

'Paddy,' said the squire, 'perhaps you would favor the gentlemen with that story you once told me about a fox?'

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honor," said Paddy; "though I know full well the divil a one word iv it you b'lieve, nor the gintlemen won't either, though you're axin' me for it, but only want to laugh at me, an' call me a big liar, whin my back's turned."

'Maybe we wouldn't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honor you with that title.'

"Oh, indeed, I'm not sayin' you wouldn't do it as soon forninst my face, your honor, as you often did before, and will again, plaze God. and welkim ——"

'Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story.'

"Sure I'm losin' no time, only tellin' the gintlemen beforehand that it's what they'll be callin' it a lie; and indeed it is uncommon, sure enough; but you see, gintlemen, you must renimber that the fox is the cunnin'st baste in the world, barrin' the wran."

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wren as cunning a *baste* as the fox.

"Why, sir, bekase all birds builds their nests with one hole to it only, excep'n the wran; but the wran builds two holes an the nest, so that if any inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out on the other; but the fox is cute to that degree that there's many a mortal a fool to him; and, by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christian, as you'll see by and by, whin I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a dacent man he was, and wouldn't say the thing in a lie.

"Well, you see, he ken home one night, mighty tired, for he was out wid a party in the domain cock-shootin' that day; and, when he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood an the fire to make himself comfortable, and he tuk whatever little matther he had for his supper, and afther that he felt himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you're to undherstan' that, though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself, like, than to sleep, for it was airly; and so he jist wint into bed, and there he divarted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonefire an the hearth.

"Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come into the place but a fox. But I must tell you, what I forget to tell you before, that the ranger's house was on the bordhers o' the wood, and he had no one to live wid him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut an the door, with a swingin' board to it, that the dogs might go in or out, accordin' as it plazed them; and, by dad, the fox come in, as I tould you, through the hole in the door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down forninst it.

"Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out; they were rovin' about the woods, you see, lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and it so happened that there wasn't as much as one individyal dog in the place; and, by gor, I'll go bail the fox knew that right well before he put his nose inside iv it.

"Well, the ranger was in hopes that one o' the dogs id come home and ketch the chap, and he was loth to stir hand or fut himself, afeard o' frightenin' away the fox: but, by gor, he could hardly keep his temper at all, at all, whin he seen the fox take the pipe aff o' the hob, where he left it afore he wint to bed, and, puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it, (it's as thrue as I'm here,) he began to smoke forninst the fire as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

"'Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you long-tailed blackguard!' says the ranger; 'and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convaynient to me, it's fire and smoke o' another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you,' said he. But still he was loth to stir, hopin' the dogs id come home; and, 'By gor, my fine fellow,' says he to the fox, 'if one o' the dogs id come home, sulpethre wouldn't save you, and that's a sthrong pickle!'

"So, with that, he watched antil the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cindhers out o' the pipe, whin he was done id, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately afther gettin' an air o' the fire and a shaugh o' the pipe: and so, says he, 'Faiks, my lad, I won't let you go so aisy as all that, ascunnin' as you think yourself;' and, with that, he made a dart out o' bed, and run over to the door, and got betune it and the fox; and 'now,' says he, 'your bread's baked, my buck; and maybe my lord won't have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your backs every yard, you morodin' thief, and the divil mind you,' says he, 'for your impidence; for sure if you hadn't the impidence of a highwayman's horse, it's not into my very house, undher my nose, you'd daar for to come;' and, with that, he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyein' him all the time he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' whin he heerd the whistle, and says the fox to himself, 'Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,' says he, 'and you think you're very cute, but, upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sitch a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage,' says the fox, 'I'll make you lave the door soon and sundint;' and, with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lying, hard by, beside the fire, and, what would you think, but the fox tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire and threw it into it.

"'I think that'll make you start,' says the fox.

"'Divil resave the start,' says the ranger; 'that won't do, my buck,' says he; 'the brogues may burn to cendhers,' says he, 'but out o' this I won't stir;' and thin, puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gev a blast iv a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

"'So that won't do,' says the fox. 'Well, I must thry another offer,' says he; and, with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire too.

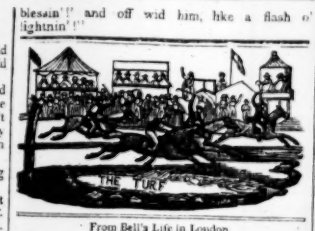
"'There, now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company,' says he, 'and there's a pair o' ye now, as the divil said to his knee-buckles.'

"'Oh, you thievin' varmint!' says the ranger, 'you won't lave me a tack to my feet; but no matther,' says he, 'your head's worth more nor a pair o' brogues to me, any day; and, by the piper o' Blessingtown, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he; and, with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, when, what would you think, but up sits the fox an his hunkers, and puts his two fore-paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger—(Bad luck to the lie I tell you!)

"Well, the ranger, and no wondher, although in a rage, as he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk nitch a fit o' laughin' that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but, when his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself and gev another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sowl!' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I mustn't be thriftin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sensible that it's time to let me go; and though he hasn't undherstandin' to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says he, 'before he'd say *sparables*;' and, with that, what do you think the fox done? By all that's good—and the ranger himself towld me out iv his own mouth, and said he wouldn't never have b'lieved it, only he seen it—the fox tuk a lighted piece iv a log out o' the blazing fire, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the straw and burn him out iv house and home! so whin the ranger seen that, he giv a shout out iv him—

"'Hilloo! hilloo! you murdherin' villin!' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock! is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue iv a Ribbonman!' and he made a dart betune him and the bed to save the house from being burned; but, my jewel, that was all the fox wanted; and, as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' forninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door and escaped.

"But *before* he wint, the ranger gev me his oath that the fox turned round and gev him the most contimptiblest look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, 'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin'!' and off wid him, like a flash o' lightnin'!"



From Bell's Life in London.

"HOOF OF ECLIPSE."—His Majesty has given the Hoof of Eclipse, the celebrated race horse, set in gold, and attached to a handsome piece of plate, to be run for at the ensuing Ascot Heath Races.

STEEPLE CHACES.

MAYO STEEPLE CHACE.—On the first day, the race was for ten sovereigns each, for all horses entering, to which the Stewards added fifty sovereigns for all horses leaping six five feet walls, over a course about 4 miles in length. Of the horses that were entered, there came to the post—Lord Clanmorris's Jerry, aged (owner); Lord Clanmorris's Salmon, 4 yrs. (Mr. P. Persse); Mr. Moor's Selimaged, (his groom); Mr. P. Persse's Palanquin 3 yrs, (Lawless); Mr. W. S. Persse's Splinter, aged, (Mr. Fitzgerald); Mr. Browne's (Brownhall) Waxy, 5 yrs (Mr. P. Branck); Mr. Byrne's Favorite, aged (owner); and Mr. Ferguson's Milesius, aged, (owner). The above eight horses started. At the first wall, Mr. Ferguson's horse fell, but Mr. F. was not, apparently, much hurt. The experience of this gentleman, and the many victories he has gained in other parts of this country on the Turf, deterred many from betting against him. Indeed, so little was the confidence of the most knowing as to the result, that genuine sportsmen had but a very limited scope for winning or losing. The other horses went on pretty close to each other till the fourth leap—Palanquin first, Selim second, and Splinter third. Palanquin baulked at it, and while his rider was putting him to it again (when he succeeded,) Selim ran up, and by some mismanagement dashed right against the wall, and both horse and rider were tumbled. The rider of Selim, "with his jockey coat around him," lay alone "in his glory," until the other horses leaped over him and his four-legged comrade. He then got up, after witnessing how his more fortunate rivals had got over, and went to look to poor Selim. At this time public attention was divided between him and the race. Palanquin, who had been so far successful, fell with his rider at the sixth and last leap, but no harm done. Then up came Splinter, who leaped the wall gallantly, proceeded, and eventually won the match. A second race took place, which, being unexpected, we are unable to give such particulars as we should desire respecting it. The names of the horses, or the weights they should carry, were known to but few. The horses were owned by Mr. Valentine, Mr. Isadore, and Mr. Edward Blake. The bets were kept a profound secret. The race was the same length as the preceeding one, the height of the walls but 4 1-2 feet. The three horses baulked at the fourth leap, as if by mutual consent, but without accident came to the winning post, Mr. E. Blake's brown mare first. On the second day, a Sweepstakes of ten sovs. each, to which the Stewards added fifty sovs. four miles, and six 4 1-2 feet walls, was fixed to be run. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the morning, a greater number of people of all classes than could be possibly expected arrived at the course about one o'clock. Thirteen horses were entered for the Stakes, but only twelve came to the fourth wall, over which they all leaped in splendid style. Between that and the last leap only one failed. The rest got on so closely, that the most experienced had difficulty to guess which would be first. Mr. Ferguson's mare, Off she-goes, rode by Mr. H. Dixon, won the race.—Ib.

WEXFORD HUNT STEEPLE CHACE.—A steeple chace, which excited extraordinary interest, came off on Wednesday week, over three miles of a fine fox-hunting country, in the neighborhood of the Slievekeilter mountain, between three of the most noted horses in the Wexford Hunt—Mr. Glascott's Jack, ridden by the owner; Mr. Houghton's Lady Clare, do., and Mr. Pigott's The Admiral ridden by Snow. The ground chosen commenced at Ballykerogue Castle, across the bottoms of Aldertown under White-church Hill and Dunganstown Chapel, where the race terminated. The start took place at a quarter past two o'clock. Upon the word being given, they went off at a score, Jack leading, the other two close on his quarters, in which position they continued for nearly a mile; when Lady Clare unfortunately, in taking a high stone-faced fence, fell, and was unable to come into the race afterwards. From that period the running became severe to the second last fence, where Jack fell, The Admiral winning his race cleverly in nine minutes. We have the pleasure to add, that neither of the falls was of bad character. After the race, the company left the ground for Palltown, the seat of William Glascott, Esq., where they partook of an elegant collation, after which the gentlemen adjourned to a large field in the demesne, where several excellent horse races and matches on foot took place. In the evening, the health of the worthy owner of Piltown, and adieu to the fox-hunting season, was drank with three times three; and the party separated, highly delighted with the day's amusement.—Ib.

ASHBOURNE STEEPLE CHACE.—This race came off on Thursday, over this well known course, near Dublin, for a sweepstakes of ten sovereigns, and bounty added. The day was highly favorable, and the course crowded almost to excess. At about two o'clock five horses, with their respective riders, clad in Irish manufacture, appeared at the post; and if we were to judge from the condition of the horses, or the sanguine looks of the riders, we should say all would be winners. However, fortune was only destined for one, and that one to be chosen from the following; Mr. Urell's Miss Stephens (rode by Mr. Brassington); Mr. Urell's Daniel O'Connel (Mr. Knaresboro); Mr. Hamilton's mare (Mr. Williams); Mr. Coate's Dandy [Mr. Devine]; and Mr Hunt's horse. The steward, Mr. Montmorency, having given the word, the horses started from the post at a slapping pace, Dandy [half-brother to Starch] leading, which he kept until midway, when he bolted, and after a long course round the field, was with difficulty brought in, but not before all the horses passed him. Miss Stephens then took the lead and kept it home, followed by Dandy, who had, after his bolt, recovered his place from the other horses; but Miss Stephens having run the wrong side of a post, she was declared distanced, and the heat given to Dandy. In about half an hour Dandy, Daniel O'Connel, and Mr. Hunt's horse, again appeared at the start, and the word being given, Dandy again took the lead, which he kept to the place he had before bolted, when he again made the attempt, but was quickly brought in by the superior horsemanship of his rider, Mr. Devine, and made the remainder of the running with much ease, apparently winning in a canter.—DUB. POST.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
AND
LIFE IN NEW-YORK,
A WEEKLY
SPORTING PAPER,
ON THE PLAN OF
Bell's Life in London,
ENLARGED
TO THE LARGEST CLASS IMPERIAL.

The only similar Publication in the U. States:

Devoted to The TURF, The CHASE, The ANGLER, The HUNTER; — Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, The Drama, Police Reports and Scenes of Real Life.

TERMS.

Three dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Four dollars if not paid within Six months,
Five dollars if not paid within the year.

GENERAL TRAVELLING AGENT,
H. G. DAGGERS.

AGENTS.

Abingdon, Va. Logan & Hamilton
Aspalaga, E. Florida, O. C. Raymond, Esq.
Augusta, Ga. A. H. Pemberton, Esq
Athens, Ga. Albin Chase, Esq.
Baltimore, Md. S. J. Sylvester & Co.
Beaufort, S.C. Wm. R. Taber, Esq.
Burlington, N. J. F. Woolman.
Boston, Mass. Emerson & Harvey, 6 Market st.
Ballston Spa, N. Y. James Comstock, Esq.
Brownsville, Pa. Jackman & Brown.
Bel-Air, Md. M'Kenney & Elliot.
Charleston, S. C. } O. A. Roorbach, 296 King-st.
} S. A. Babcock & Co
Campbellton, Florida, Post Master.
Camden, S. C. Eds. Journal.
Castleton, Vt. Geo. C. Smith, Esq.
Canisteo, N.Y. James Russell, Esq.
Catskill, N. Y.; J. P. Norman, Esq.
Columbia, S. C. J. R. & W. Cunningham
Cynthiana, Ky. Austin Cargill, Esq.
Columbus, Ind. Lawson L. Dunkin, Esq.
Cooks P.O. Fairfield D., Wm. R. Hagood, Esq
Edgefield C. H., S. C. Edward Phelps, Esq.
Erie, Pa. H. L. Harvey, Esq.
Ellesville, N. C. Post Master.
Farmville, Va. Geo. P. Knauff.
Franklin, Missouri—Diogenes Wetmore, Esq
Frederick, Md. J. M. Harding.
Germantown, Pa. P. R. Freas, Esq.
Hagerstown, Md. H. Kennedy, Esq.
Hopewell, N. J. Geo. W. Blackwell, Esq.
Hunteville, Ala. P. T. Posey.
Ithica, N. Y. Asa B. Clark,
Jeffress' Store, Va. L. C. Jeffress, Esq.
Kingston, U. Canada, Henry Smith, Esq.
Knowlesville, N. Y., H. D. Doolittle.
Lancaster, O. P. V. Trump, Esq.
Lewistown, Pa. Jas. M'Culley, Esq.
Lexington, Ky. Thos. T. Bradford, Esq.
Lowell, Mass. B. F. Fellows, M. D.
Maysville, Ky. Wm. E. Bartlett, Esq.
Malone, N. Y. Geo. P. Allen.
Mobile, Ala. T. Sandford, Esq.
Milton, Mass. N. Wyeth, Esq.
Middlebury, Vt. A. Bennett.
Montpelier, Vt. Geo. W. Hill, Esq.
Morristown, N.J. S. P. Hull, Esq.
New-Orleans, La., Hotchkiss & Co. 6 Canal-st.
Newburgh, N. Y. Jos. French, Jr.
Nashville, Tenn. Jas. Graham, Esq.
Newark, N. J. Amos Holbrook.
New-Bedford, Mass. Wm. Howe.
Philadelphia, Pa. } Wm. G. E. Agnew, Esq.
} 15 South Second st.
Peekskill, N. Y. S. Hustis.
Portland, Me. Samuel Colman.
Plattsburgh, N.Y. Geo. Lynde, Esq.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. John T. Lewis, Esq.
Pittsburgh, Pa. S. J. Sylvester.
Providence, R. I. Josiah Jones, Esq.
Richmond, Va. Jas. G. Watson.
Rogersville, E. Tenn. W. B. Mitchell. Esq.
Sacket's Harbor, N.Y. James Howe, Esq.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y. G. M. Davison, Esq.
Savannah, Geo. Editors Georgian.
Selma, Ala. Cannte & Bonnell.
Stokeley, Tenn. A. H. White. Esq.
Triana, Indiana, Chas. Mason, Esq.
Taberg, N. Y. R. Hyde, Esq.
Tolland, Ct. H. W. Greene, Esq.
Waterford, Pa. W. T. Macky.
Wheeling, Va. Clarke & Cook.
Woodstock, Vt. Francis T. Porter.
Worcester, Mass. M. W. Grout, Esq.
Zanesville, O. Parke & Parmele.

Savannah Jockey Club.

COLT'S SWEEPSTAKE.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

N. Y. Standard News Room.

THE NEWS ROOM attached to the New-York Standard is now open at the Publishing Office of the Paper, No. 40 Wall Street, directly opposite the Merchants Exchange.

The Room is airy and spacious, and will be furnished with the Daily Papers of this city, with papers from every State and Territory in the Union, together with London, Liverpool, Paris, Havre, South American, and West India Newspapers, and Prices Current.

Several of the most popular Periodicals of this country, and Europe, will be regularly laid upon the table.

TERMS.

Yearly Advertisers to the N. Y Standard, FREE.
Daily Subscribers to the do. $4 pr ann.
Non-Subscribers to the do. $5 pr ann.

Subscribers will have the privilege of introducing to the Room their friends, non-residents of the city. Payment will be expected semi-annually, *in advance.*

Masters of vessels and Officers of the army and navy, are invited to a free use of the Room.

The Room will be opened (daily) from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 o'clock, P. M.

In submitting the above terms to the Public, we take occasion to state that a Subsription Book is now at the office, No. 40 Wall street; and that our best efforts shall be used to render the establishment worthy of Patronage. The Reading Room is completely fitted up, and is on a more extensive scale than any thing of the Union.

A careful person will have it in charge, under such regulations as may be thought most conducive to the interest of the subscribers, and the information of strangers. Gentlemen of the Army and Navy, will find more full files of the city and distant journals, than can elsewhere be met with; and masters of vessels will have an opportunity of consulting our Daily Bulletins, as well as the papers publised at the several ports to which they belong.

The nature of the political contest in which we have been engaged, and the necessity under which we have labored of publishing speeches on the great topics of the day, and voluminous public documents, both of which the past year has been singularly prolific, have combined to prevent that attention to our Commercial department, to which our education, our disposition, and our location, seemed more specially to prompt. Encouraged as we have recently been, we shall be better able hereafter to devote time and means to the great object we have in view—tho permanent establishment of a Journal, not to be surpassed in any department, by any of our cotemporaries. To every incentive to accomplish our purpose, we hope to add a full share of zeal and industry in our vocation, trusting to time and our efforts, for success, and pledging ourselves to be as fearless, frank and independent on all topics, as we have thitherto been.

To Emigrants.

FOREIGN and American Agency Office. The above office is open at No. 5 Division street, (near Chatham-square,) for the purpose of affording to Foreigners, arriving and resident in the United States, a Daily Register of the names and occupations of all the Passengers arriving from all foreign ports, thereby enabling them to find their relatives and friends, immediately after their arrival; also, will attend to the agency of receiving and forwarding, to or from all foreign port, goods, packages, money, &c.; also, will give to those who wish to emigrate to the Western Country or Upper Canada, a correct statement of the miles to different places, quality of soil, price of Improved or Uncultivated Lands, the cheapest and best way of Emigration.

Persons wishing to send for their friends to any foreign port, will be attended to with despatch.

*** Letters from any part of the Union (post paid) promptly answered, and their purport attended to on accommodating terms.

O. B. TEAL, *Agent.*

Watering Place.

No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

MERCHANTS and others, wishing to employ clerks, or assistance of any description, with good references, can be supplied at the Foreign and American Agency Office, No. 5 Division street, near Chatham-square.

As no other will be furnished from this office, clerks 'and all others wishing to obtain employment in any branch of business, by giving satisfactory references, can find good and permanent situations by applying at the above office.

Boarding houses supplied with genteel boarders.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION of the Conflagration of Moscow, Automaton Chess Player, &c. at the Masonic Hall, Broadway. Performance every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admittance 50 cents.—Children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children. Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, and the door in the evening.

WANTED.

MERCHANTS and others wishing to employ clerks, or assistance of any description, with good references, can be supplied at the Foreign and American Agency office, No. 5 Division street, near Chatham Square, as no other will be furnished from this office. Clerks, and all others wishing to obtain employment in any branch of business, by giving satisfactory references, can find good and permanent situations, by applying at the above office. Boarding houses supplied with genteel boarders.

☞ No charge if not procured.

Robert N. White,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

BEHEAN,

HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 411 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

L. I. COHEN.

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles, 71 William-street New-York.

R. N. WHITE,
Engraver on Wood,
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

Dr. F. Francis,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

Friendship Tavern,

BY Mrs. Williams, 42 1-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday an Saturday evenings.

MUSIC AT BEALD'S.

THE numerous visitors to this Museum, during the four nights of the performance of Mr. KENDALL, the celebrated Harpist, having expressed themselves so highly delighted with his astonishing execution on his sweet-toned instrument, has induced the proprietor to engage him the *first four nights of each week* until further notice.

Mr. K. is accompanied by his brother on a newly invented French Flageolet.

The Living ANACONDA, or BOA CONSTRICTOR, the great strangling Serpent of India, is in fine health and perfectly docile; he is fed with a living rabbit every Monday evening, which he destroys in his folds and then swallows whole.

Living CAMELEON, whose power of changing his color is truly astonishing.

The COSMORAMA is set with several splendid Views, and forms a great attraction.

The EGYPTIAN MUMMY, or embalmed human being, at least 3,000 years old, is one of the greatest curiosities in this extensive and valuable repository of nature and art.

Admittance as usual 25 cents—children 12 1-2.

Harmonia Cœlestis.

CONCERTS on the above Instrument will be given every evening, at Concert Hall, 406 Broadway. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets of admittance 50 cents, to be had at the Hall. Particulars in Bills.

S. D. CHILDS,

Engraver on Wood, No. 67 Liberty-street,
NEW-YORK.

Physicians' Livery Stable.

A. COX, Jr. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a Livery Stable corner of Broadway and Catherine-Lane, (entrance in Catherine-Lane) where physicians and others can have their horses kept in the best order. A man will be in attendance at all hours, to wait on gentlemen at their dwellings. Inquire at the Stable, or at the proprietor's Steam Scouring Establishment, 80 Cedar-street, one door east of Broadway. je 9

W. H. MAXWELL, Attorney, Counsellor at law, Conveyancer and *Commissioner* (resident in the city of New York) appointed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusets, New Hampshire, New York, &c. with authority to examine witnesses under Commissions emanating from the Courts of said states—to take depositions, affidavits, the acknowledgement of deeds, powers of Attorney and *all instruments under seal to be used or recorded* in either of said states—Commissions to examine witnesses, transmitted to W. H. M. (with instructions) from any part of the United States promptly attended to—also bills, bonds and debts, in the city of New York collected. Office No. 70 Liberty street, four doors East of Broadway.

The New-York Mirror,

A Repository of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts; embellished with splendid Engravings on Steel, Copper, and Wood, and with Popular Music for the Pianoforte, Guitar &c.

G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors.

THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol. 10.) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list *of nearly two hundred native Authors*, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence*, important sources are open to us for selections.

The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and cotemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant us in the assertion that there is no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription, or which possess more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

Its steady and marked improvement, furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidences that it is read and improved by the most intelligent classes throughout the U. States.

ENGRAVINGS.—The Embellishments for the Tenth Volume will be of the most *costly* and *beautiful* kind, consisting of full sized Super-Royal Quarto Plates, executed expressly for the work, by the best Artists. Besides the *Vignette*, there will be four superb Engravings issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.

In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed *Engravings on Wood*, also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.

MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing Volume will contain a popular piece of *Music*, arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. At the expiration of the year, these form a valuable collection of the *most choice and rare pieces*, which, although occupying little more than one-sixteenth part of the work, could not be purchased in any other way, except at a cost far greater than that of the entire journal.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to Critical Notices of new publications, the Arts and Sciences, Scientific Intelligence, The Fine Arts—Music, Poetry, and Painting, Original Tales and Essays, Foreign Correspondence—First Impressions of Europe, &c. Legends and Reminiscences of old times in New-York, The Little Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic, American Scenery, Biography, Education, Character, Strictures on the Drama and other Amusements, Translations from the German, French, and Spanish, occasional selections from late publications, Record of passing events, Original Miscellany, Anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc. Varieties—etc. etc. etc. In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting.

By the above enumeration, it will be perceived that the plan of the Mirror embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres*, and no expense will be spared to render it equal to any other publication extant.

CONDITIONS.—The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. It is elegantly printed in the supers royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpareil type. It is embellished, once every three months, with a *splendid super-royal Engraving*, and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of four hundred and sixteen large pages, for which a beautifully *engraved vignette title-page*, (painted by WEIR and engraved by DURAND,) and a copious *index* are furnished. The terms are *four dollars* per annum, payable, in all cases, *in advance*. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of N. York. Communications, *post paid*, must be addressed to the Editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year.

Subscriptions received by PEABODY & CO. 219 Broadway.

BOARDING.

VILLAGE Union Tavern, corner of Greenwich Lane, Christopher-street, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs the public that the Tavern Department of the above house is stocked with the best Wines, Liquors, and Cordials, Beer, Cider, &c.; and the Boarding, which is entirely separate from the Tavern, and conducted by Mrs. Traphagen, will be found equal to any in the City.

Emigrants arriving in this City will find the above place a desirable and pleasant retreat, being out of the noise and bustle, and situated in a most thriving and flourishing neighborhood.

For the convenience of Old Countrymen, a book will be kept for the insertion of the names of those wishing employment: and every exertion will be used on the part of the subscriber in obtaining situations, and rendering such service as applicants may require. Circulars will be sent to every manufacturing town in the United States requesting employers in want of mechanics and others, to address a line, by post, to the subscriber, thereby opening a correspondence, which will eventually prove a service to the emigrant, and a benefit to the public at large.

The whole will be conducted gratuitously, and on a plan which will give general satisfaction.

European News-papers thankfully received.

N. B. Job Printing and Sign Painting neatly executed at the above place.

J. NEEDHAM.

Edwards on Revivals.

A NEAT and Handsome Edition on fine linen paper 1 vol. 8vo. with a full general index and a portrait of the author.

A fresh supply of Writing paper, Letter and Cap, Folio Post, Wrapping paper large and small, with a good assortment of *Stationery* at Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest Cash prices, for sale by DUNNING & SPALDING,
60 William Street.

A. COX, Jr.

STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET